

OCTOBER 1, 2001

People

weekly



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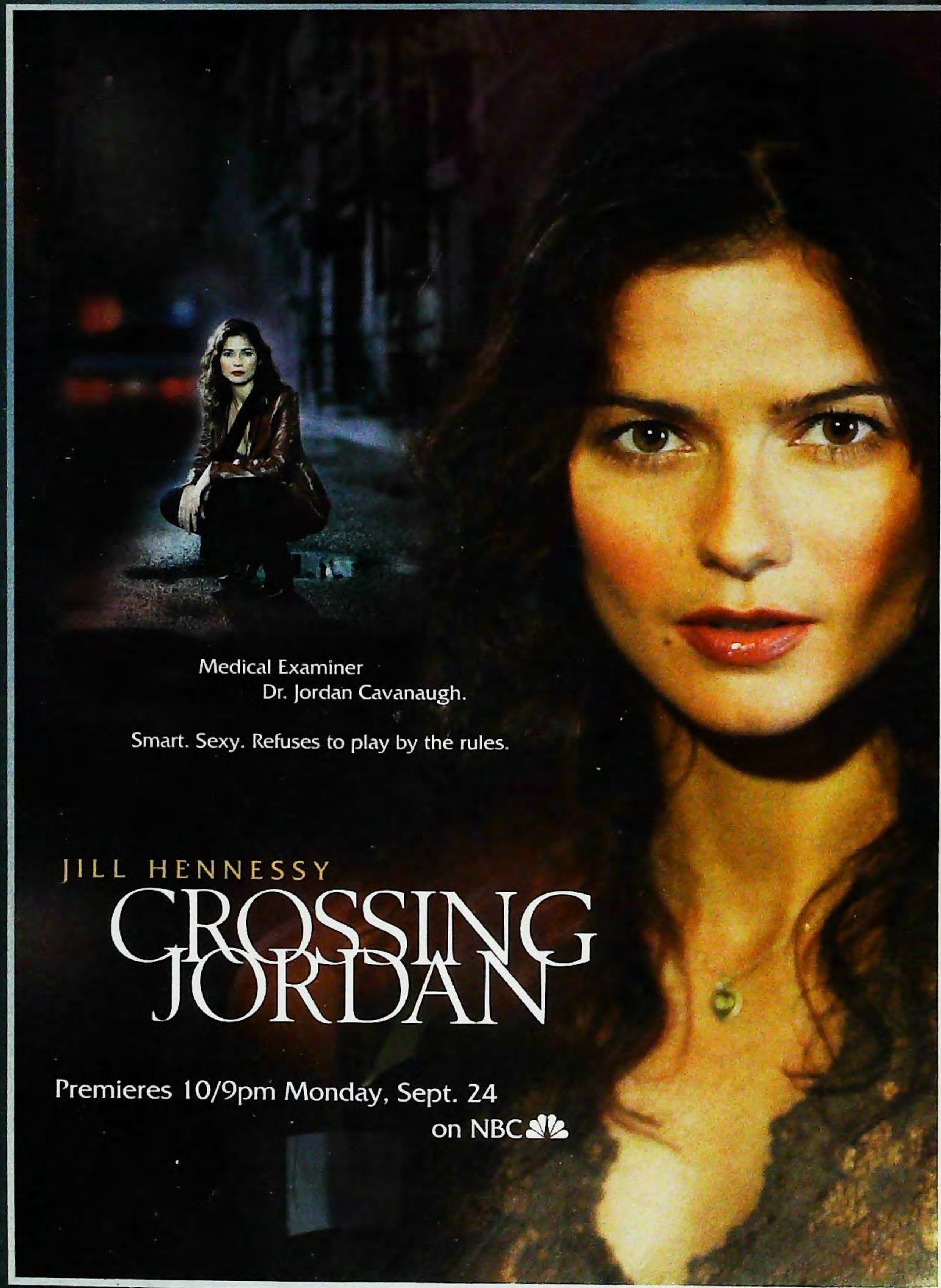
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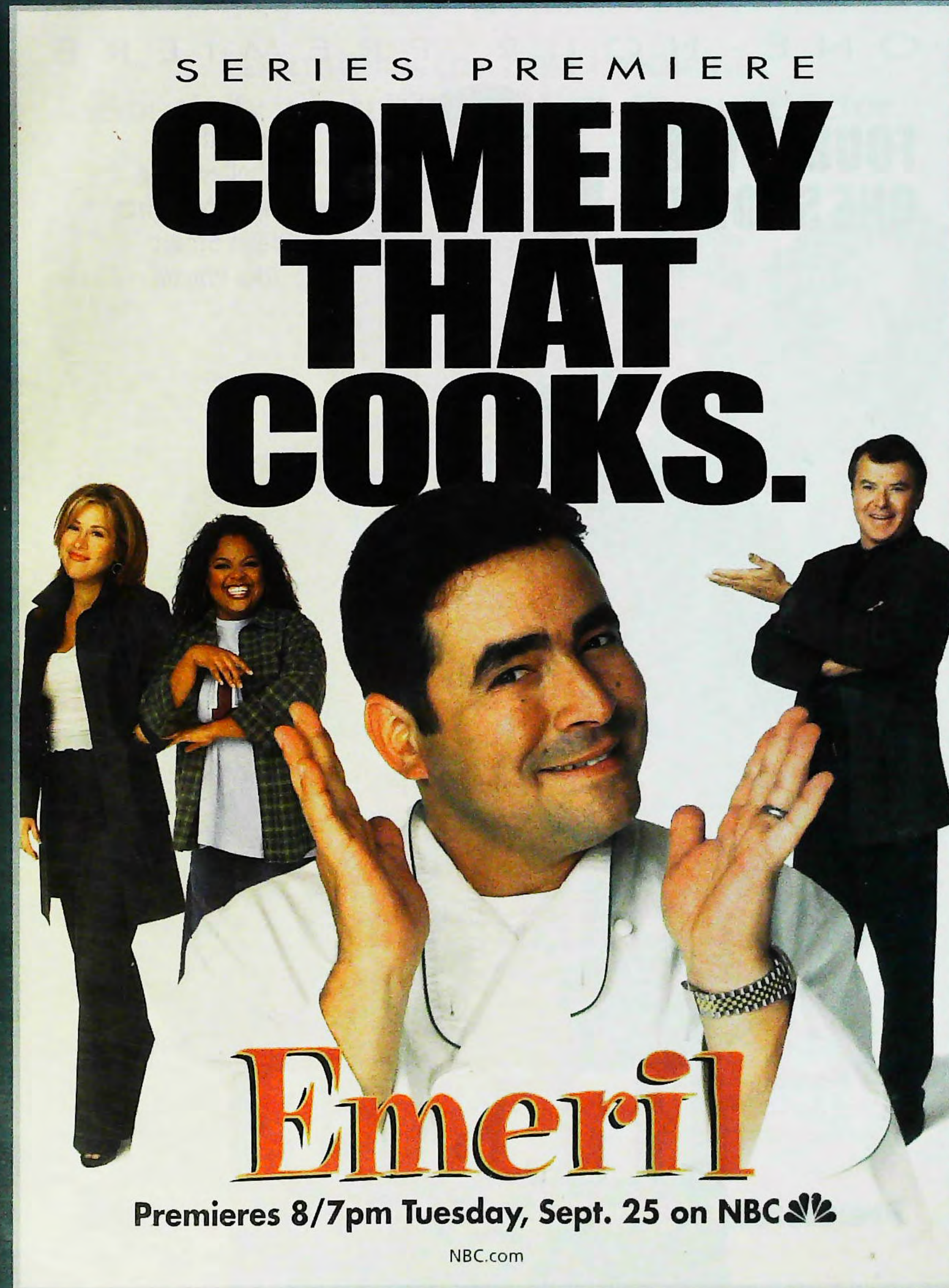
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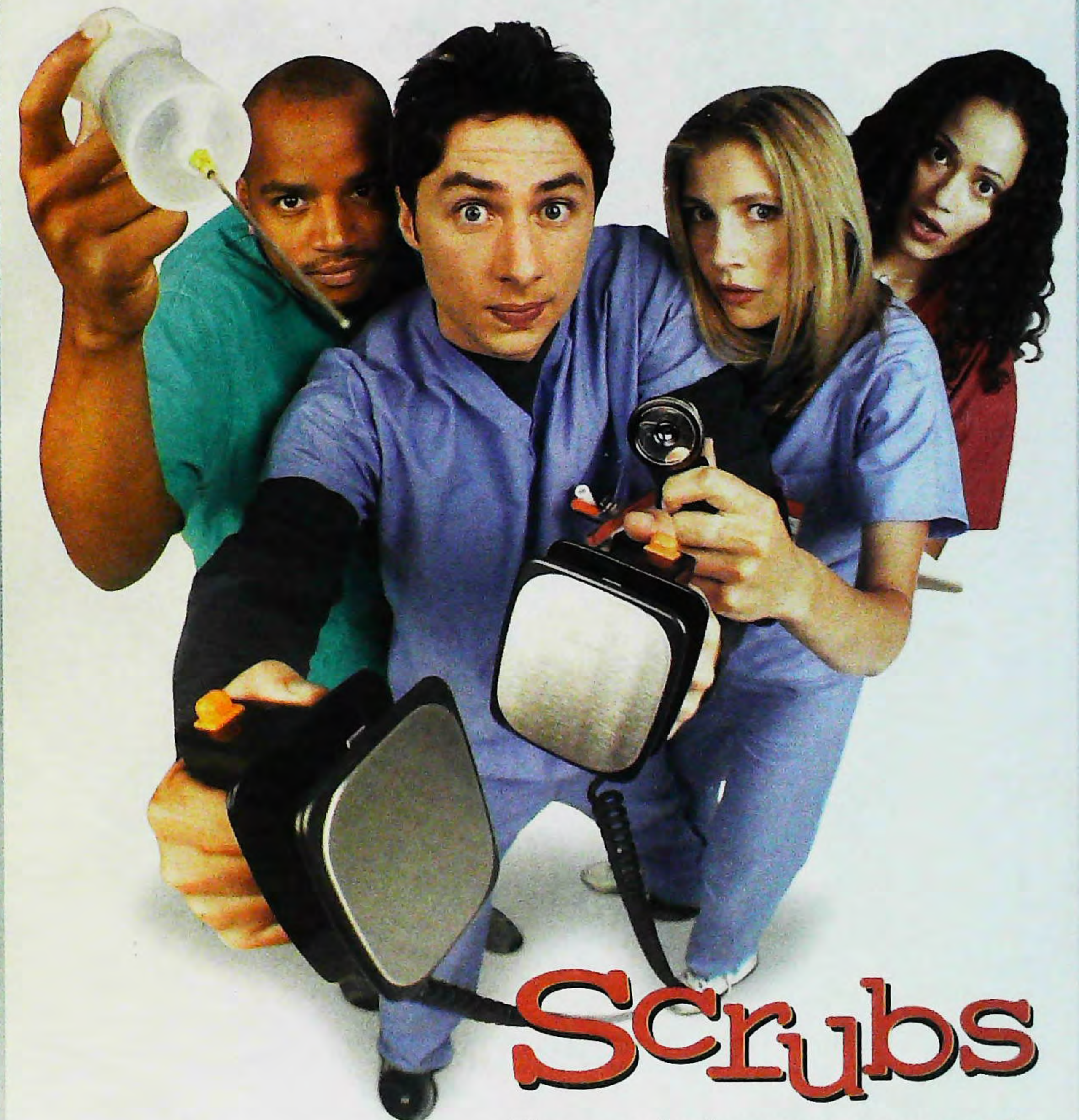
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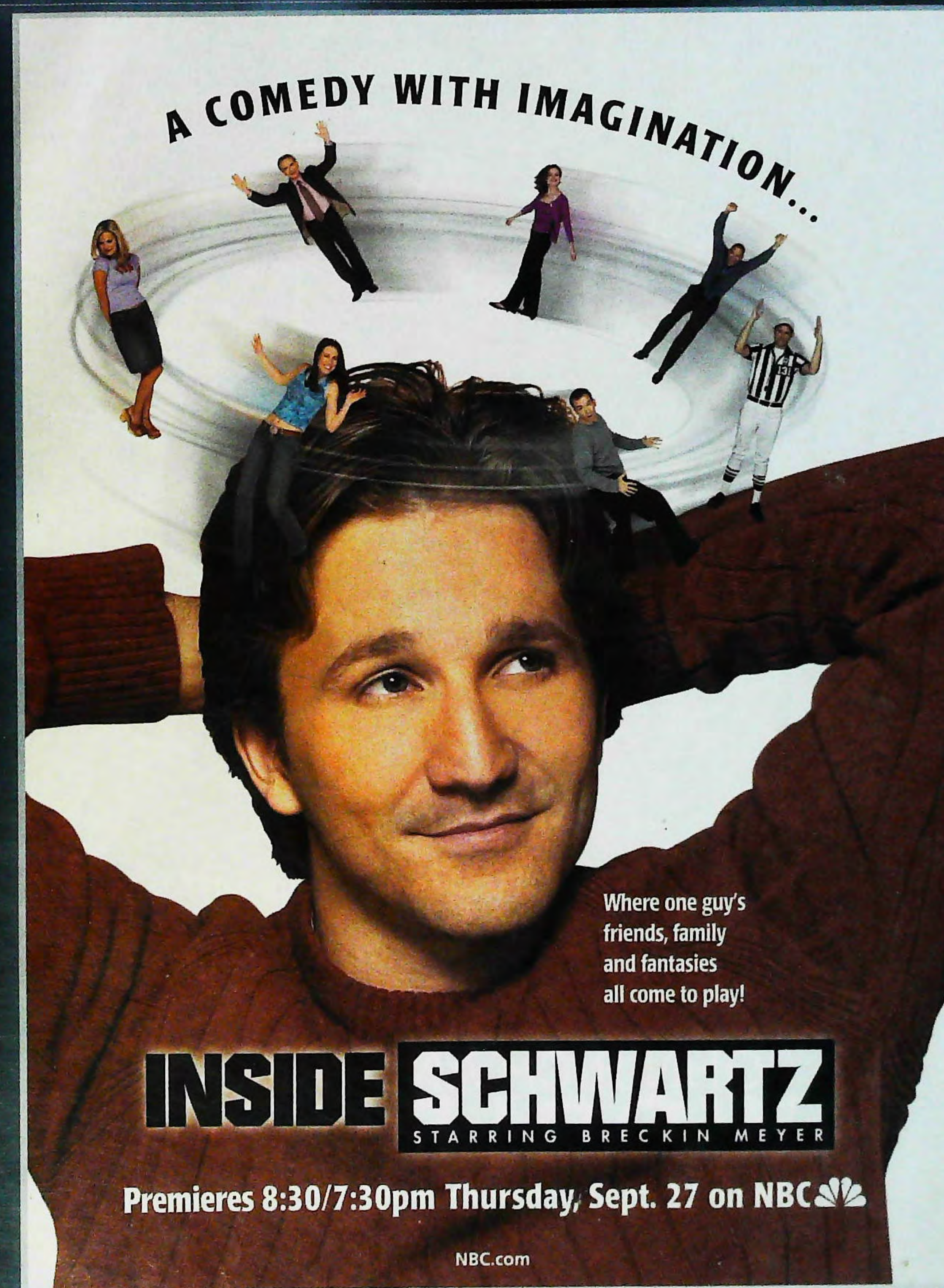
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FROM LEFT: FRANK VERONSKY, KUMIKO HART



Dodging debris after Tower 1 fell, Fannie Weinstein broke her foot.

Journalists are accustomed to covering the news from a professional distance. That was impossible, however, on Sept. 11, when PEOPLE's New York City and Washington, D.C., editorial staffers—along with everyone else in their stunned cities—found themselves at the heart of a terrorist attack. The impact hit us all. Deputy New York bureau chief Elizabeth McNeil, who lives just 12 blocks from the World Trade Center, was walking to work when she heard the first hijacked plane fly low above her, "sounding like a buzz saw," she says, and then the sound of the crash. Outside nearby Public School 234, associate editor Kim Hubbard saw the plane hit and ran inside to get her two children, whom she had just dropped off. Fannie Weinstein, one of the first correspondents to reach the Wall Street area, encountered "pandemonium," she says. "People were stunned, sitting on the curb with their hands clasped over their mouths, sobbing." Thirty minutes later, when she fell and fractured her foot, Weinstein joined



Steve Hart photographs Terry Grimmig, Joseph Burga and their daughter Isabel, who was lost for hours after the attacks (see page 86), in Summit, N.J.

the casualties at New York University Downtown Hospital. So that day, with heavy hearts, we covered the grim news as we lived it, checking on friends and loved ones as we prepared to tell the most horrific story in our magazine's history. By 10 a.m., 23 correspondents had been assigned to find survivors and rescue workers at the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, and to talk to family members of the missing; 25 photographers were dispatched to record the horror. As the enormity of events began to sink in, managing editor Carol Wallace decided to devote the entire Sept. 24 issue to the attack, and by the next morning we had assembled an 87-page account of those tragic and frantic first hours. Some of our readers have questioned why we included advertisements in that issue. It is important for you to know that these ads were scheduled weeks before the issue went to press. "Advertisers were unaware of our change in editorial content," says publisher Peter Bauer. "Because of the extraordinary condi-

tions we were operating under, there was no time to give them the opportunity to pull their advertising. Many probably would have done so. But no one at PEOPLE intended any disrespect to the victims, our readers or our advertisers." PEOPLE has always celebrated the human spirit and the extraordinary acts of ordinary citizens. At no time have such stories been more evident than in the days since the unimaginable occurred. And so this week, as the long healing process begins, we turn to the many who inspired us with their courageous actions: those fortunate survivors, brave family members and heroic volunteers and rescue workers. "Many of these people said they were just doing their jobs," says McNeil, "and some of them died for it." We hope the stories in this issue commemorate their actions and honor their sacrifices.

Lora McNeill

President

Inside **People**

WAYS TO HELP



Florida State University student Janice Mould gives blood in Tallahassee.

Overwhelmed by volunteers and donations of food, clothing and supplies from across the country, New York City and Washington, D.C., officials and nonprofit groups are urging people to pace themselves. "We do need blood. We do need volunteers. We just don't need them at this hour," says American Red Cross spokesman Darren Irby. "This is going to be a long disaster relief operation." Cash contributions are most needed for now, but make sure the organization is legitimate by contacting the Better Business Bureau. For online links to many reputable relief organizations, go to www.helping.org or www.libertyunites.org.

TO GIVE BLOOD: Call to schedule a blood donation to the Red Cross at (800) GIVE LIFE, or contact America's Blood Centers, (888) BLOOD-88, for information.

TO VOLUNTEER: You can enroll in disaster-training courses at your local Red Cross chapter and volunteer in the ongoing relief effort (www.redcross.org).

TO CONTRIBUTE MONEY:

United Way emergency assistance for victims and families: September 11th Fund, United Way, 2 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016; (800) 710-8002. For online help go to www.uwnyc.org.

New York Firefighters 9-11 Disaster Relief Fund: For families of deceased firefighters, mail checks to International Association of Firefighters, Attn.: General Secretary Treasurer's Office, 1750 New York Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20006-5395; (202) 737-8484. Or go to www.iaff.org.

American Red Cross: Contribute to the Disaster Relief Fund, American Red Cross, P.O. Box 37243, Washington, D.C. 20013; or call (800) HELP NOW. For online help go to www.redcross.org.

Salvation Army: Mail checks to Disaster Relief, Salvation Army, P.O. Box C-635, West Nyack, N.Y. 10994-1739; or call (800) SAL-ARMY. For online help go to www.salvationarmy.org.

New York State Fraternal Order of Police WTC Fund: 911 Police Plaza, Hicksville, N.Y. 11801.

National Organization for Victim Assistance for victims' families in New York, Washington and Pennsylvania: (800) 879-

6682. Or go to www.try-nova.org.

New York State World Trade Center Relief Fund: P.O. Box 5028, Albany, N.Y. 12205; (800) 801-8092.

TO RETURN YOUR TAX REFUND: Americans wishing to donate their refunds to the government can send a check or money order to: Gifts to the United States, U.S. Department of the Treasury Credit Accounting Branch, Room 6D37, 3700 East-West Highway, Hyattsville, Md. 20782.

TO SEND WELL-WISHES AND THANK-YOU NOTES: Not all assistance need be monetary. Letters of support for firefighters can be sent to International Association of Firefighters, 1750 New York Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20006-5395. Condolences to victims' families can be forwarded to: FDNY Families, c/o National Fallen Firefighters Foundation, P.O. Drawer 498, Emmitsburg, Md. 21727, or e-mail firehero@erols.com.

TO RELAY INFORMATION: To report tips and information about the attack to investigators, call the FBI at (866) 483-5137 or make a report through www.fbi.gov.

KIDS CAN HELP TOO

Everybody can pitch in with rescue-and-relief efforts. Ryan Paeglow, a 7-year-old at Orlando's Shenandoah Elementary, brought a jar to class (with a note from Mom) explaining that he wanted to collect money to replace fire equipment damaged in the disaster; the next day, the jar was full. Others simply gather loose change and send it to the Red Cross. Children can also express their opinions by writing to President Bush, The White House, Washington, D.C. 20500.

People.com



Four-year-old Noah Simondet clings to an American flag and his father, Kelly, during services in St. Cloud, Minn.

Go to PEOPLE.com for additional coverage of the current crisis, including:

More Photos

●Our galleries detail the bravery and spirit that followed the terror of Black Tuesday.

Online Extras

●The Heroes, the Rescuers, the Angels—more of the inspiring stories that have touched the nation and the world.

Latest News

●Check PEOPLE.com every day for constant updates on the crisis.

How to Help

●Our resource pages offer ways to donate aid to the victims and their families.

Message Boards

●Talk about the attack and its aftermath with other PEOPLE.com readers.

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16 Standing Tall

As the nation begins the slow task of recovering from the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks on New York City and Washington, D.C., it finds deep reservoirs of strength and will

22 The Rescuers

Responding to the disaster, scores of firefighters, doctors, ordinary citizens—and about 300 plucky canines—readily pitched in, sometimes putting their own lives in danger

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Whether feeding famished rescue workers, finding pets left behind or filling a sudden demand for star-spangled banners, Americans unite in generosity

52 Heroes of Flight 93

Though no one aboard United Airlines Flight 93 survived the crash outside Pittsburgh, quick thinking and brave action by at least three passengers may have saved hundreds more lives

59 The Compassionate Mayor

New York's worst catastrophe brings out the best in Rudolph Giuliani, the city's tough, embattled mayor

64 Carrying On

With the death toll mounting, those left behind displayed grace and courage as they got on with their lives—marrying, giving birth, fighting fires, teaching kids—creating legacies of hope, not hatred

74 How Hollywood Helped

Disheveled if not distraught, celebs such as Kathleen Turner, James Gandolfini, Jason Sehorn and the Duchess of York came out to aid relief efforts

86 Against the Odds

Some survivors found ample reason to celebrate after escaping the Twin Towers and Pentagon horrors

COVER IMAGES (clockwise from top left): Dan Lee, who died aboard American Flight 11, never got to meet his newborn daughter Allison Danielle (left, with sister Amanda, 2, and mom Kellie); Cleveland city workers cheer a disaster-relief convoy on Sept. 17; Virginia state trooper Michael Middleton (with wife Karin) recovers after battling the Pentagon fire; in New York City, an unidentified firefighter becomes an emblem of exhaustion.

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Cover photographs by (clockwise from top left): Neal Preston/Corbis Outline, Mark Duncan/AP, John Ficara/Gamma, Matthew McDermott/Corbis Sygma



For more, go to www.people.com or AOL (Keyword: People)



"I think I've done enough crying," says Ellen Mariani (whose husband, Louis, one of those killed aboard United Airlines Flight 175, and other victims were honored at a Buffalo, N.Y., rally on Sept. 16). "No one is going to stop me from living and being free."



A SORROWFUL GOODBYE . . .

Eight-year-old Kevin Villa, with grandmother Fina Jager, grieves for his mother, Yamel Merino, 24, an emergency medical technician. One of the first rescue workers on the scene, Merino, of Yonkers, N.Y., died when the south tower collapsed. She had been her company's 1999 EMT of the Year.



... and a Miracle Arrival

Jun Lee, 10 days past her due date, was in a World Trade Center bookstore and escaped by threading her way through panicked crowds and falling debris. (See story, page 92) That night, feeling contractions, she walked two miles to a hospital, where she and husband Tom Letsou later welcomed Elizabeth, their first child.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL CARROLL

AMERICA'S SPIRIT

Staggered by its grievous loss and facing the threat of a terrorist war, the nation digs out and discovers amazing strength and courage along the way

PULLING TOGETHER

At Martin's Flag Co. in Ft. Dodge, Iowa, co-owner Scott Van Gundy says the place "has been a zoo." He doesn't even know how many thousands of flags the store has sold in the past week. The only thing for sure was that his supply could barely keep up with demand. Day after day he felt a growing awe at the sense of togetherness. "We can gauge patriotism by the number of flags we sell, and this



A week after the attack, 152 of the 218 victims pulled from the rubble of the Twin Towers had been identified.

USA TODAY/BLACK STAR

has been indescribable," says Van Gundy. "We've never seen anything like it before."

All across the country there were countless such defining moments. The talk—and more important, the action—was of resolve and unity in the wake of Sept. 11. But beyond that, there was a growing spirit of community in the nation, a realization that the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center in New York City and the Pentagon in Washington, D.C., which were designed to sow fear and discord, had also brought out the generosity, caring and solidarity of Americans of all kinds.

To be sure, there was anxiety over the threat of more assaults as well as disquiet about possible military action against an unseen and ruthless enemy. But nothing could dampen the feeling of hope and recovery that was everywhere in evidence around the country. Putting out an urgent appeal for blood, the American Red Cross hoped to get 150,000 pints in that first week. Instead,

JOYE SCHILLER/LONDON FEATURES



Along Manhattan's West Side Highway hundreds of residents came out to show support for rescuers the day after the disaster.

AMERICA'S SPIRIT



Outside Bellevue Hospital in Manhattan a "Wall of Prayers" grew, with scores of flyers put up by people searching for loved ones.



HUGEN SPFRICK/REUTERS

they received more than 250,000. Fund drives sprang up all over the United States. The American Red Cross of Southern California held an event at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles that drew 30,000 contributors in just over four hours. "Little kids have come with their piggy banks," says spokeswoman Lourdes del Rio-Valdes, who says the effort has so far raised \$236,000. In New Orleans the day after the disaster, television station WDSU started an impromptu drive on the street, asking people to give what they could. By Sunday evening station personnel were stunned to find they had collected more than \$2 million. "People wanted a place to go, a place to be a part of it," says station news director Margaret Cordes.

Nowhere was this resurgent spirit more apparent than in Manhattan, where life began at last to return to some semblance of normality. On Monday most workers returned to their jobs, and children swarmed back to school. Residents lined streets to cheer the new princes of the city—the weary firefighters and police who earn roughly \$50,000 a year to risk their lives on a regular basis and who lost 429 of their comrades in the towers' collapse. Yet this new breed of hero spent one 20-hour day after another searching through the rubble in hopes of discovering survivors. (As of press time on Sept. 18, officials still had not officially switched from a rescue to a recovery operation, but there seemed almost no hope that anyone else would be pulled out alive.) Meanwhile eateries from the tony Tribeca Grill to Dunkin'

Donuts were sending meals free of charge to the rescue workers. Individuals donated so much food and clothing that much of it may never be used. When the NFL hesitated before canceling Sunday's football games, the two New York City-area teams, the Giants and the Jets, all but vowed they would boycott. "I don't think anyone in New York cares about football, including us as players," said the Giants' star defensive end Michael Strahan. When baseball finally resumed with six games Monday night, players and fans, who turned out in modest numbers, marked the return with moments of silence and the singing of patriotic anthems.

The financial world, which the terrorists had tried so hard to cripple, returned to life as well. On the Monday morning following the attacks, the stock markets reopened to heavy losses but no sense of debilitating panic. And corporate America was contributing to the recovery in a more direct fashion. In the week since the attacks, companies had pledged some \$180 million to disaster charities, including the Twin Towers Fund, established to help the families of victims. Even the underworld got in step. With so many police on the streets and so many residents glued to the television, crime in New York City was down 30 percent for the week.

Still, it is impossible to minimize the formidable task of recovery that lies ahead. Nearly 100 people remained in the hospital. In the first week alone, more than 50,000 tons of debris were removed from the Trade Center. Experts guess that

On a bittersweet Sept. 16, Fire Captain Robert Blume, promoted to battalion chief to replace a fallen comrade, got a hug from son Brian, 2.

AMERICA'S SPIRIT

it will take months to complete the cleanup. There was also little prospect for quick closure for the families of the 5,422 people still missing. In an effort to identify as many remains as possible, authorities asked families to bring in hairbrushes and toothbrushes used by the possible victims so that DNA samples could be taken.

At the Pentagon there was a certain sense of relief mixed with the anguish. Officials there originally feared that upward of 800 people might have been killed when hijacked American Airlines Flight 77 slammed into the building. In the end the number of dead on the ground was 125—still horrific, but any revision downward had to be counted as merciful. As it turned out, just this past May, Pentagon staffers had practiced their response in the event that a Boeing 757—the same plane as Flight 77—should hit the military headquarters. That foresight, it now appears, surely saved lives. “It would have been much, much worse,” says Air Force Surgeon Gen. Paul K. Carlton Jr., “if our medical teams had not practiced the event.”

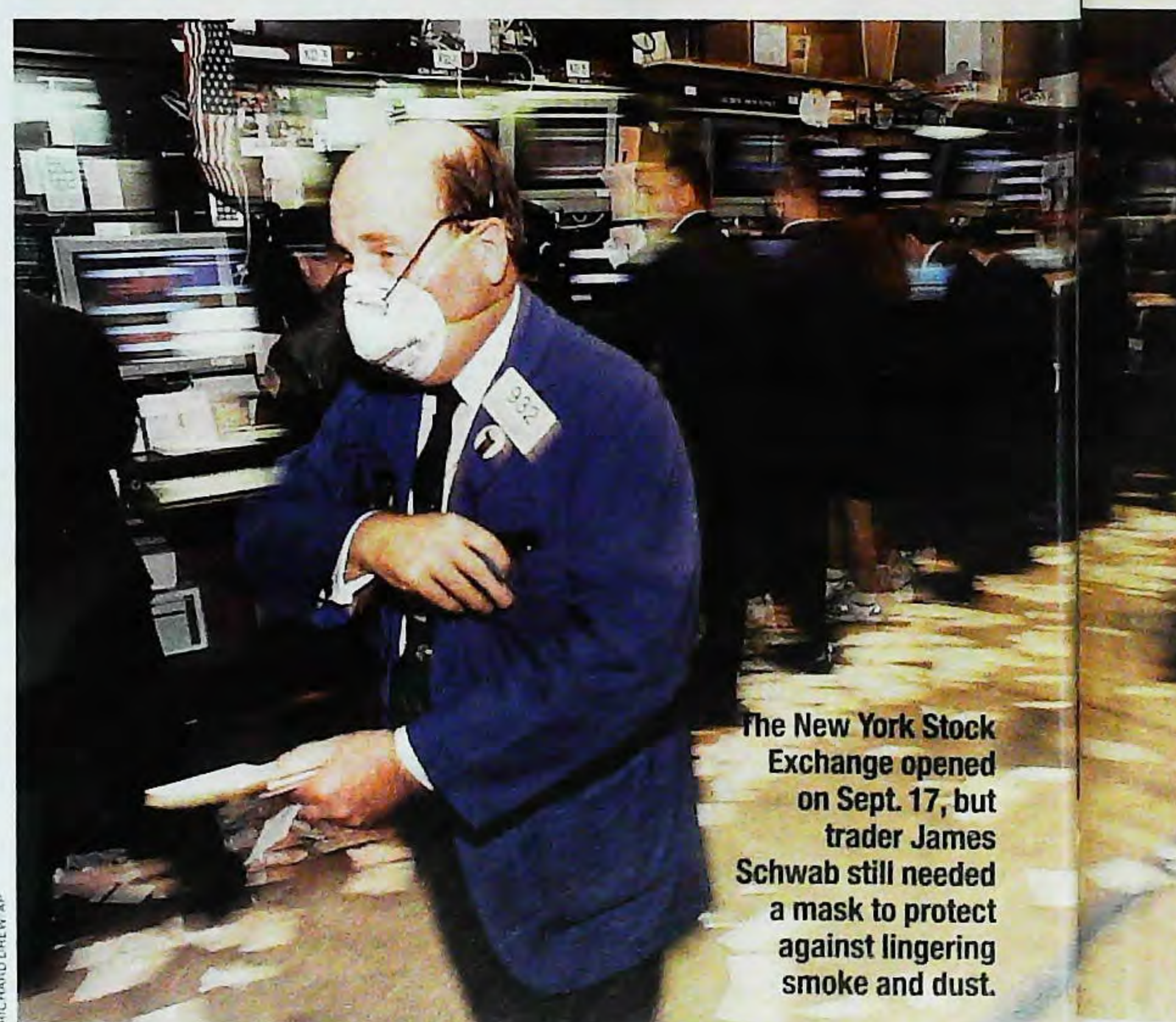
In the aftermath, the rest of the country braced for a slew of heightened security measures. By Saturday all major airports except Ronald Reagan National, just across the Potomac River from the nation's capital, had been allowed to reopen. In all, some 140,000 domestic flights were canceled during the shutdown. And it is clear that air-travel procedures will be radically changed. In addition to banning curbside check-in and any carry-on objects that could be used as weapons, authorities plan to add 1,000 armed sky marshals—there are fewer than 100 now—to domestic flights.

In light of the attacks, the doomsday plotlines of upcoming action movies presented Hollywood with an urgent problem. Warner Bros. (like PEOPLE, part of AOL Time Warner) postponed the scheduled Oct. 5 opening of the new Arnold Schwarzenegger thriller *Collateral Damage*, the tale of a firefighter out for revenge after his wife and child are killed by a terrorist's bomb. “Audiences [will] want upbeat romantic comedies,” predicts producer Ashok Amritraj, who ordered a rewrite of the Jackie Chan movie *Nose Bleed*, which featured a fight atop the Empire State Building. By the same token, the television networks largely returned to normal programming on Sept. 17, and even the late-night comics were wholly reverential. David Letterman abandoned his traditional monologue to talk about the tragedy, and guest Dan Rather broke into tears.

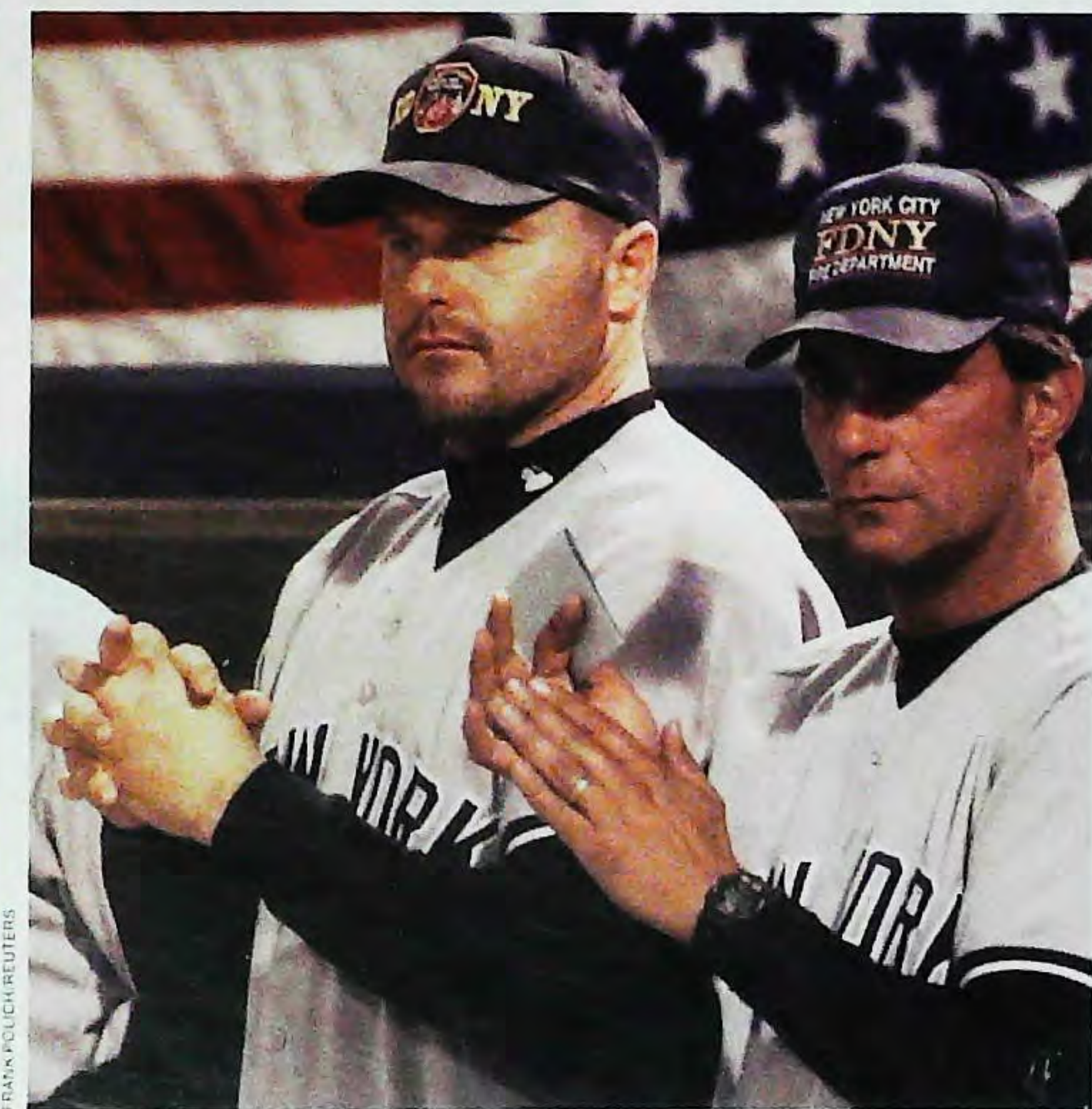
In the meantime, the nation already had two leading men whose performances were drawing critical praise. In New York City, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, a capable but sometimes combative



Sightseers David and Jackie Davis, from Waterloo, Ill., got an eyeful of Old Glory as they cruised through the Times Square area on Sept. 17.



The New York Stock Exchange opened on Sept. 17, but trader James Schwab still needed a mask to protect against lingering smoke and dust.



Before the Yankees resumed play in Chicago on Sept. 18, Roger Clemens (left) and coach Lee Mazzilli helped honor victims of the attack.

politico, emerged as a healing, inspirational leader (see page 59). Wearing his fire department baseball cap, the hugely popular mayor, who must leave office at the end of the year because of term limits, at times had to fight back tears as he tirelessly made his rounds but somehow managed to provide doses of needed optimism as well. “We have never been braver,” he told one audience. “We’ve never been stronger.” Likewise, President Bush, initially criticized for not flying directly back to Washington from a swing through Florida when the attacks occurred, regained ground in the ensuing days. With a national television address and his visit to New York City, where he embraced rescue workers, he saw his approval rating jump from 51 percent to 86 percent, an unprecedented rise even allowing for the rally-round-the-flag effect during times of national crisis.

Also helping to allay some public fears was that law-enforcement authorities seemed to be making significant progress. All 19 of the suspects who apparently took part in hijacking the four jetliners had been identified, and at least 75 other people had been detained for questioning. Indeed, the FBI received some 96,000 tips and had more than 4,000 agents working on the case. Officials were exploring possible connections between the hijackers and Osama bin Laden, the Saudi millionaire accused of masterminding the atrocity.

In the days after the attack, the President boldly declared that the United States was at war with the world's terrorists, and the Pentagon announced a call-up of 35,500 reservists. It was soon clear, however, that while the White House intended to strike militarily against terrorists, root out their hidden bank accounts and apply economic and diplomatic sanctions against any country harboring them, it did not intend to launch a full-scale ground campaign in places that have provided safe haven for bin Laden, like Afghanistan. The President cautioned that the effort against terror will no doubt take years. But he also left no doubt as to the outcome. “The people who knocked these buildings down will hear all of us soon,” he said during his New York City tour.

As for the World Trade Center, Mayor Giuliani at first suggested that the Twin Towers be rebuilt. Yet a replica might have trouble finding tenants, since prospects would understandably be worried about future attacks. He later clarified his remarks to mean only that some form of new trade center be erected. But whatever structures replace the iconographic towers, and no matter how long it takes to build them, it is clear from the actions of people throughout the country that the resurrection of the American spirit has already begun. ●

With selfless passion,
America's newest war heroes
raced to save lives—and
raised a nation's spirit

PRECIOUS METTLE

So prevalent is Hollywood's version of heroism—gargantuan special effects, preposterous luck, bulging muscles, flash-pot explosions—that the intimate scale, and infinitely greater impact, of the real thing comes as a breathtaking surprise. On Sept. 11 hundreds of police, firefighters and ordinary people made extraordinary split-second choices, putting themselves at risk to save people they often did not know. Battling fire, debris and fading hope, rescuers in New York City and Washington, D.C., came to work in suits, uniforms and blue jeans—and now wear badges of honor.

Tina Hansen, 41

Two men team up to carry a woman in a wheelchair to safety

Tina Hansen is quick and nimble in her wheelchair; diagnosed with juvenile rheumatoid arthritis at age 3, she has been using one for most of her life. But when the first plane hit the World Trade Center, Hansen, a marketing supervisor at the Port Authority of NY and NJ, was immobilized by the impossible task of descending 68 flights of stairs. Although she had a special lightweight chair designed for just such a scenario (it had been given to her after the 1993 World Trade Center bombing), it would be of little use without a couple of strong-armed carriers. Says Hansen: "I didn't know how I was going to get out."

Enter Michael Benfante, 36, a communications company manager who spotted her seated helplessly behind a set of glass doors. Hansen nodded toward her emergency chair, which was tightly folded. Joined by his coworker John Cerqueira, 22, "I was frantic trying to figure out how to get it open," says Benfante, who lives in Verona, N.J. Meanwhile, Hansen pleaded with him to help carry down her precious \$8,000 electric wheelchair. "It was heavy," says Benfante. "There was no way."

LENE O'CONNELL



"By Tina being calm, it helped us to be calm," says Benfante (with Hansen at her New York City apartment).

With Hansen safely strapped into her lightweight chair, Benfante and Cerqueira began making their way down. "We were a team," says Benfante. Along the way "we tried to keep it light," says Cerqueira, who returned to his home state of North Carolina after the attack. "I'd ask Tina, 'You all right, babe? You've got luxury service!'"

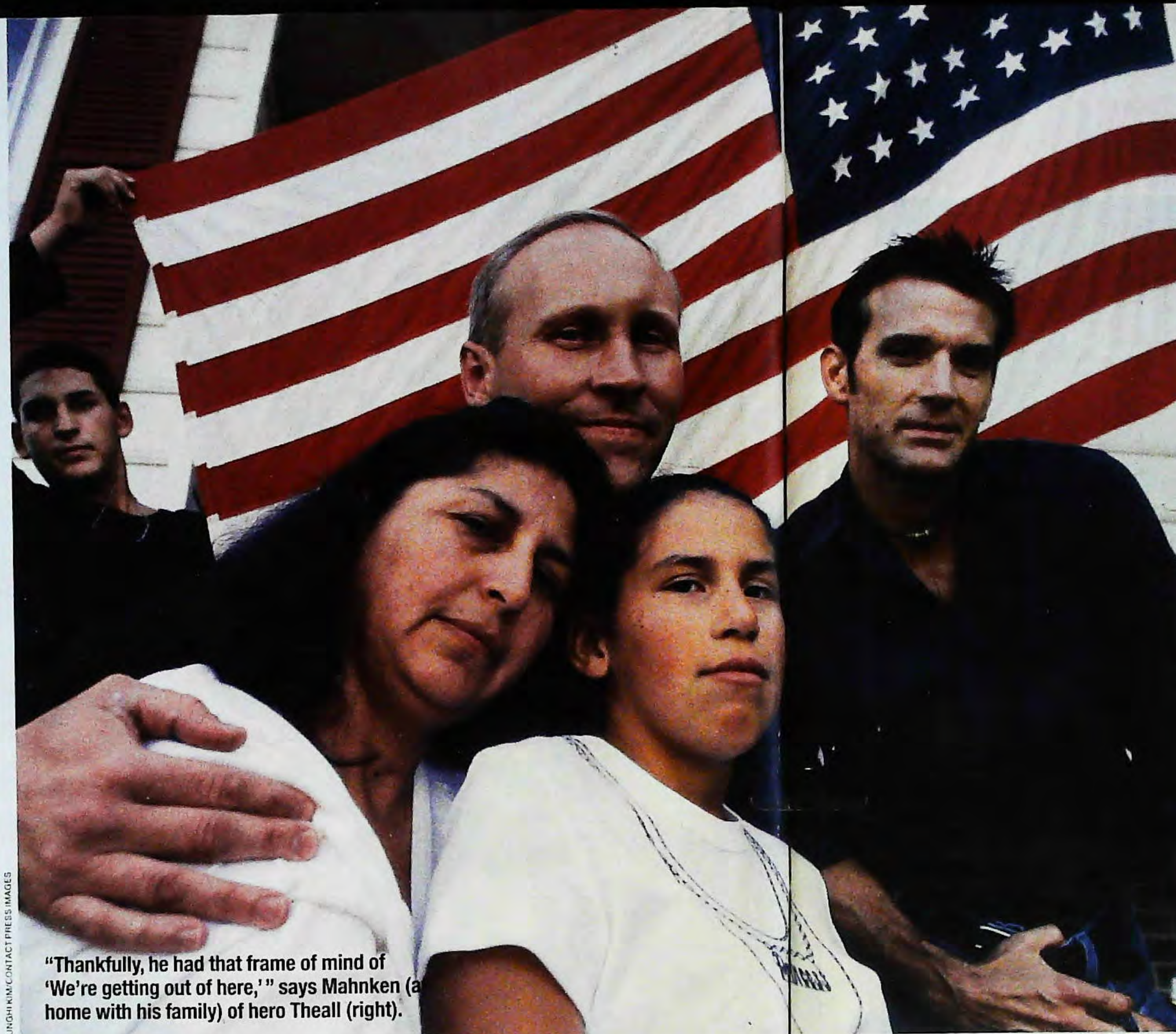
The mood darkened considerably when the group reached the fifth floor, which was pitch-black and flooded from the building's sprinklers. "It was like being in *The Poseidon Adventure*," says Benfante. "It was slippery, and I was moving stuff out of the way so we could push Tina. I wasn't going out unless she was with me." All the while, Hansen remained "brave and calm," says Benfante. "She was something else."

When they reached the street, Hansen was placed into a waiting ambulance. Minutes later the tower began to collapse, and Benfante and Cerqueira—who narrowly escaped the crashing debris—feared that the ambulance carrying Hansen might not have made it out in time.

It did, and a few days later Hansen spoke by phone with Benfante and Cerqueira. "Mike was really happy and excited," says Hansen, who lives in Manhattan. "He said that hearing about me capped his day."



"Tina was our guardian angel," says Cerqueira (in '01). "She saved us too."



"Thankfully, he had that frame of mind of 'We're getting out of here,'" says Mahnken (a home with his family) of hero Theall (right).

David Theall, 37

A resourceful worker finds a jagged and terrifying path toward salvation

After the second plane hit the World Trade Center, David Theall received a phone call from a close friend. "She jokingly said, 'You know, the Pentagon is next. You better get out of there,'" says Theall.

Mere seconds later American Airlines Flight 77 crashed near Theall's office. "I watched the wall beside me just crumple like a sheet of paper, and I was blown back 25 feet," he says. When he stopped moving, Theall, a Pentagon public affairs specialist, was still clutching the phone. And already thinking about his next move. "I wasn't stunned,"

he says. "I was spring-loaded."

Climbing over a collapsed wall, Theall yelled for his dazed office-mate, public affairs specialist Carl Mahnken, 39, who lives in Stafford, Va., with his homemaker wife, Hope, 50, and their children Matthew, 14, and Amanda, 12. "Cowboy, we've got to get out of here," Theall urged.

As the air filled with smoke and fumes, Theall, who had worked at the Pentagon since July, led Mahnken through the darkness. The two men pulled themselves along with the help of dangling electrical wires and metal strips that once held up the ceiling's tiles. "I knew instinctively where to go," says Theall. "I never lost my bearings."

Not even after he and Mahnken

ran into a concrete wall. Pulling back steel reinforcement to create an escape hatch, the pair climbed into another office, where seven other workers had been trapped before Theall led them out through the rubble. "I said, 'Man, you're like a bird dog—you're finding holes,'" Mahnken recalls. One of those holes led to "sunlight coming through the dust and smoke," Theall says, and the group fled to safety.

Now back at work, Theall—who's been divorced since 1998 and lives alone in Alexandria, Va.—has made a new close friend. "Carl and I have very little in common," he says. "But from now on, just a look between us will mean something no one else can understand."

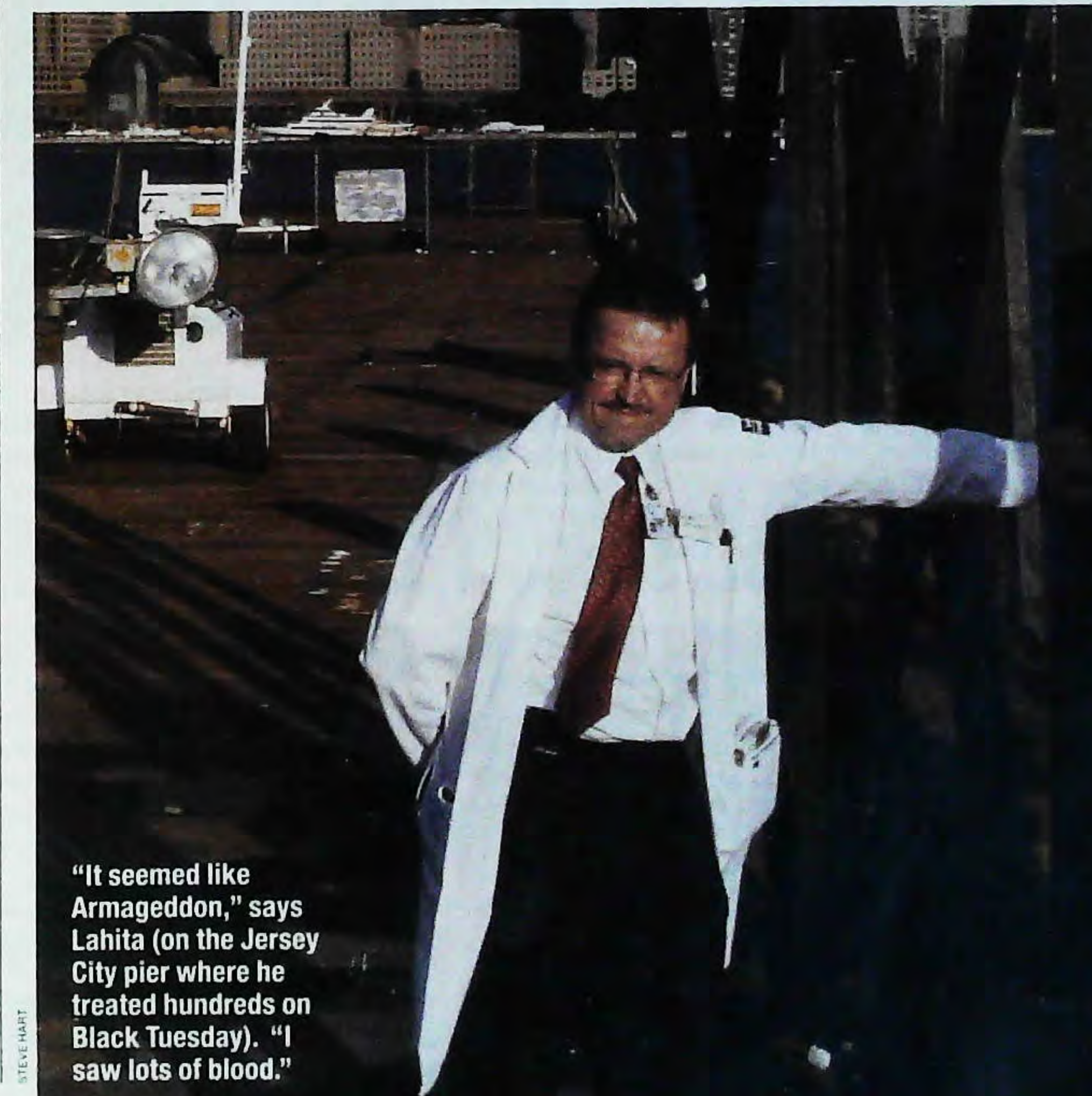
Dr. Robert Lahita, 55

With the injured arriving in waves, one physician stemmed the tide

For two hours on Tuesday morning a lone doctor stood on a New Jersey pier as tugs, ferries and Coast Guard boats unloaded hundreds of the wounded. "We held the fort," says Robert Lahita, who was making rounds as rheumatology chief at St. Vincent's hospital in Manhattan when news of the attack arrived. Lahita grabbed a train to Jersey City, where he's a director for Hudson County's Emergency Medical Service, and where he had left his car on his way to work. He called an EMS dispatcher and was sent to the Colgate-Palmolive piers, across the Hudson from the ruined towers. Two paramedics and four emergency medical technicians were struggling with the crush of victims. "Then Dr. Bob showed up, took a deep breath and took over," says paramedic Nickie Slattery, 36.

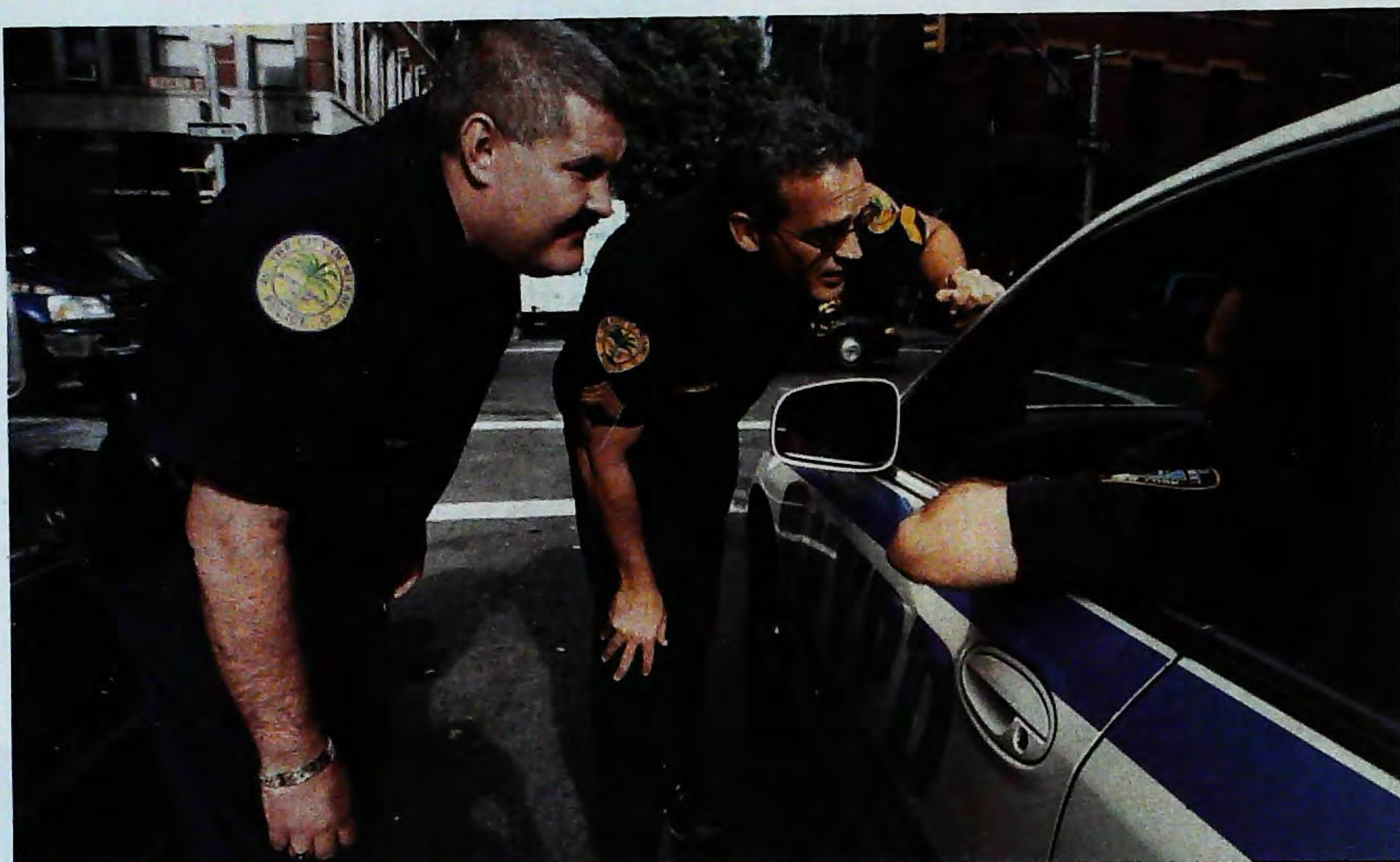
"It was a nasty scene," says Lahita. "One guy had an open skull fracture. You could see his brain." He tried to radio for more help, but the transmitter, atop the Trade Center, had been destroyed. Bandages and other supplies were fast running out. Fortunately workers from nearby offices pitched in with first-aid kits, chairs to use as stretchers and venetian blinds to serve as splints.

By noon, with other doctors arriving and the 200 most critical patients taken to local hospitals, he was ferried back to help out at Ground Zero. Lahita, who lives with his wife in Ridgewood, N.J., remains shaken. "I'm a mess," he says. But he is thankful. "I said, 'Nobody is going to die on my shift.'" And no one did.



"It seemed like Armageddon," says Lahita (on the Jersey City pier where he treated hundreds on Black Tuesday). "I saw lots of blood."

AMERICA'S SPIRIT



"We're all brothers and sisters," says Miami police officer Sal Lozano (left, with fellow Miami cop Sgt. Ruben Sanchez in N.Y.C.).

Long-Distance Assistance

Amid calamity, all roads lead to the Big Apple

In April 1995 firefighter Bill Callinan of rural Liberty, Ky., answered the call from Oklahoma City. "The hardest thing was to haul out so many babies," Callinan, 49, says of the 19 children killed at the America's Kids daycare center in the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building. "After that I'd told myself never again would I do something like that." But then came Sept. 11. "I turned on the TV and saw the smoke and flames, and I knew I was going."

In just hours, Callinan raised \$2,000 and collected do-

nations of food and 15 cases of first-aid supplies from in and around Liberty, a tobacco-farming community of 1,500, and joined a nationwide mobilization of thousands coming to the aid of New York City. They were cops from Virginia Beach, Va., and Ann Arbor, Mich.; coroners from Canada; firefighters from as far as California and Oregon; and one man from Nebraska who loaded a bulldozer on the back of a flatbed truck and drove it to downtown Manhattan, asking for directions along the way. "We're here no matter what," said one ironworker from Brooklyn.

After working a full day on Sept. 11, Lt. Al Cotera, 43, of the Miami police department joined 16 other officers who hastily packed bags and headed north in two squad cars and two vans. "We got here on Wednesday at about 6 p.m. and went straight to the Emergency Operation Center to get our assignments," says Sgt. Jorge Gomez, 40. For the most part, the Florida cops stood guard at the perimeter of the disaster area, working on adrenaline to stay awake. And as their cavalcade of cars moved down Manhattan's West Side Highway, they were met by grateful city residents who handed them bottled water and held signs of thanks. "It brought tears to my eyes," says Miami police officer Sal Lozano, 45. "In 20 years of service, I have never seen anything like that."

"The damage was the size of our town," says Travis Richardson (second from left, with, from right, Bill Callinan, Ron Luster, Rosewitha Callinan and Dave Wheeler back in Liberty, Ky.).



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AMERICA'S SPIRIT

K-9 Rescuers

For highly trained dogs, a hazardous, frustrating assignment at Ground Zero

In the wreckage of the World Trade Center, a man and his dog play tug-of-war with a white pull toy. But it's not really a game. "When Ronnie finds something, he'll sit down," explains Dave Lee, 45, a retired Philadelphia police officer, of his partner, a German shepherd. "Then I'll reward him."

Sadly, Ronnie, who is primarily trained to search for survivors, has been finding only bodies. Working 12-hour shifts, Ronnie and some 300 other K-9 rescuers—including Bella, a Border collie who came from L.A. with her handler, firefighter-paramedic Deresa Teller, 47—pad over hot rubble, leading to injuries, dehydration and exhaustion. "The dogs are coming in covered with ash," says Andy Rose, one of 10 veterinarians staffing the tent set up to treat the canines with everything from antibiotics to IV drips. "They are stressed out and irritable." Vets are seeing fewer paw cuts, however, thanks to thousands of donated heavy-duty dog booties. (Some 1,500 of these were sewn since Sept. 11 by ex-nurse Louise Russell, 48, and helpers in Duluth, Minn.)

So far one dog has plummeted 40 feet, another 20 (both survived). Some suffer a sort of canine depression. The animals start getting discouraged, says Teller, if they don't find anyone. To prevent this, handlers take turns hiding for each other's animals so that the dogs experience some success. "Doing a live find," she says, "helps build a dog's confidence." As for Lee, his determination remains. When it comes to a rescue, he says, "there's always hope."

"They'll go through a couple of sets per day per dog," says bootie maker Russell.



"You never give up looking for survivors," says Lee (with Ronnie on Sept. 16). "Anything's possible."



Neighbors showed Patty and Raymond Horoho (above) their appreciation by hanging banners at their Clifton, Va., home.

Patty Horoho, 41

As the Pentagon burned, a courageous nurse-cum-bureaucrat organized medical operations

The instant the hijacked airliner slammed into the Pentagon, Lt. Col. Patty Horoho, an Army health-policy officer, fell back on her early training—not as a military bureaucrat but as a certified nurse specializing in burn care and trauma. "I felt like my life and career had been a preparation for this moment," says Horoho, who joined the service 18 years ago. "I truly believe that is why I could take charge."

Take charge she did. Horoho raced from her damaged section of the building to set up a triage center, where she treated more than 75 people, initially with only a first-aid kit. She put evacuees to work setting up IV bags and cutting clothing off burn victims before EMT workers began to arrive. Those who followed her orders included a brigadier general and three sailors who had crawled out of the fire on their bellies. "They came up to me, their clothes ripped, their hair singed, and said, 'Can we help?'"

says Horoho. Also working beside her was Air Force Master Sgt. Noel Sepulveda, 51, who served as a medic in Vietnam and the Gulf War. "She showed great resolve and courage," he says.

So focused was Horoho that nearly four hours passed before she stepped away to call her own family. (By then fire officials had appointed Dr. James Vafier, an emergency doctor at nearby Inova Alexandria Hospital, as head of medical operations.) When Horoho finally rang her husband, Raymond, 42, she says, "I got the warmest 'I love you' I've ever gotten." Raymond—a business consultant and a reservist in the Pentagon's crisis coordination center—took their three children to a neighbor's house and was called into the Pentagon that afternoon. He worked until the next evening on the Army's reservist mobilization plan.

"It was an integrated effort by so many people," says Horoho of the rescue operation. "I had never really thought about the name 'United States' before, but 'United' now has a very powerful meaning. I couldn't be more proud to be an American."

AMERICA'S SPIRIT



"It makes you appreciate life," says Middleton (with his wife, Karin, on Sept. 16).

Michael Middleton, 35

While workers retreat, a Virginia state trooper plunges deeper into danger

For a man who has spent nearly five days breathing through a ventilator tube, Virginia state trooper Michael Middleton's voice is strong. "I can still smell and taste jet fuel," he says from a bed at the Alexandria, Va., hospital to which he was taken after he suffered throat burns in the Pentagon fire. Responding minutes after the attack (he had been on rush-hour traffic duty less than five miles away), Middleton, the father of two young boys, says he and fellow state trooper Myrlyn Wimbish, 51, helped three workers out of the building before losing contact with one another in the thickening smoke. "People didn't know where to go," he says.

Middleton and three others, including a construction worker familiar with the Pentagon's layout, then pushed deeper into the collapsing structure, charging up three flights of stairs in search of survivors in the burning upper floors. "I remember I crawled halfway into a [second-floor] conference room, and the smoke just dropped on us," says Middleton. After spotting firefighters on the fourth floor, Middleton headed for an exit on the ground floor, but by then the heat of the inferno had melted his metal nameplate. He recalls feeling dizzy, then collapsing. "The next thing, I'm here in the hospital," he says.

As he recovers in an intensive-care unit, attended by his wife, Karin, 33, who works at the Arlington state trooper office as a secretary, Middleton says that in a sense, he was always prepared for that terrible day. "All this hero stuff, I don't want it," he says. "I don't consider myself anyone special. I'm just glad I was there to help."

RIMADYL

(carprofen)
Caplets/Chewable Tablets

Non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drug
For oral use in dogs only

CAUTION: Federal law restricts this drug to use by or on the order of a licensed veterinarian.

DESCRIPTION: Rimadyl (carprofen) is a non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drug (NSAID) of the propionic acid class that includes ibuprofen, naproxen, and ketoprofen.

INDICATIONS: Rimadyl is indicated for the relief of pain and inflammation associated with osteoarthritis in dogs.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: Rimadyl should not be used in dogs exhibiting previous hypersensitivity to carprofen.

PRECAUTIONS: As a class, cyclo-oxygenase inhibitory NSAIDs may be associated with gastrointestinal and renal toxicity. Effects may result from decreased prostaglandin production and inhibition of the enzyme cyclo-oxygenase which is responsible for the formation of prostaglandins from arachidonic acid. When NSAIDs inhibit prostaglandins that cause inflammation they may also inhibit those prostaglandins which maintain normal homeostatic function. These anti-prostaglandin effects may result in clinically significant disease in patients with underlying or pre-existing disease more often than in healthy patients. NSAID therapy could unmask occult disease which has previously been undiagnosed due to the absence of apparent clinical signs. Patients with underlying renal disease for example, may experience exacerbation or decompensation of their renal disease while on NSAID therapy.

Carprofen is an NSAID, and as with others in that class, adverse reactions may occur with its use. The most frequently reported effects have been gastrointestinal signs. Events involving suspected renal, hematologic, neurologic, dermatologic and hepatic effects have also been reported. Patients at greatest risk for renal toxicity are those that are dehydrated, on concomitant diuretic therapy, or those with renal, cardiovascular, and/or hepatic dysfunction. Since many NSAIDs possess the potential to induce gastrointestinal ulceration, concomitant use of Rimadyl with other anti-inflammatory drugs, such as corticosteroids and NSAIDs, should be avoided or very closely monitored. Sensitivity to drug-associated adverse reactions varies with the individual patient. For example, Rimadyl treatment was not associated with renal toxicity or gastrointestinal ulceration in well-controlled safety studies of up to ten times the dose in dogs.

Rimadyl is not recommended for use in dogs with bleeding disorders (e.g., Von Willebrand's disease), as safety has not been established in dogs with these disorders. The safe use of Rimadyl in pregnant dogs, dogs used for breeding purposes, or in lactating bitches has not been established. Studies to determine the activity of Rimadyl when administered concomitantly with other protein-bound drugs have not been conducted. Drug compatibility should be monitored closely in patients requiring additional therapy.

Due to the palatable nature of Rimadyl chewable tablets, store out of reach of dogs in a secured location. Severe adverse reactions may occur if large quantities of tablets are ingested. If you suspect your dog has consumed Rimadyl chewable tablets above the labeled dose, please call your veterinarian for immediate assistance and notify Pfizer Animal Health (1-800-366-5288).

INFORMATION FOR DOG OWNERS:

Rimadyl, like other drugs of its class, is not free from adverse reactions. Owners should be advised of the potential for adverse reactions and be informed of the clinical signs associated with drug intolerance. Adverse reactions may include decreased appetite, vomiting, diarrhea, dark or tarry stools, increased water consumption, increased urination, pale gums due to anemia, yellowing of gums, skin or white of the eye due to jaundice, lethargy, incoordination, seizure, or behavioral changes. Serious adverse reactions associated with this drug class can occur without warning and in rare situations result in death (see Adverse Reactions). Owners should be advised to discontinue Rimadyl therapy and contact their veterinarian immediately if signs of intolerance are observed. The vast majority of patients with drug related adverse reactions have recovered when the signs are recognized, the drug is withdrawn, and veterinary care, if appropriate, is initiated. Owners should be advised of the importance of periodic follow-up for all dogs during administration of any NSAID.

WARNINGS: Keep out of reach of children. Not for human use. Consult a physician in cases of accidental ingestion by humans. **For use in dogs only.** Do not use in cats.

All dogs should undergo a thorough history and physical examination before initiation of NSAID therapy. Appropriate laboratory tests to establish hematological and serum biochemical baseline data prior to, and periodically during, administration of any NSAID should be considered. Owners should be advised to observe for signs of potential drug toxicity (see Information for Dog Owners and Adverse Reactions).

ADVERSE REACTIONS: During investigational studies for the caplet formulation, no clinically significant adverse reactions were reported. Some clinical signs were observed during field studies (n=297) which were similar for carprofen caplet- and placebo-treated dogs. Incidences of the following were observed in both groups: vomiting (4%), diarrhea (4%), changes in appetite (3%), lethargy (1.4%), behavioral changes (1%), and constipation (0.3%). The product vehicle served as control.

During investigational studies for the chewable tablet formulation, gastrointestinal signs were observed in some dogs. These signs included vomiting and soft stools.

Post-Approval Experience: Although not all adverse reactions are reported, the following adverse reactions are based on voluntary post-approval adverse drug experience reporting. The categories of adverse reactions are listed in decreasing order of frequency by body system.

Gastrointestinal: Vomiting, diarrhea, inappetence, melena, hematemesis, gastrointestinal ulceration, gastrointestinal bleeding, pancreatitis.

Hepatic: Inappetence, vomiting, jaundice, acute hepatic toxicity, hepatic enzyme elevation, abnormal liver function tests, hyperbilirubinemia, hyperbilirubinemia, hypoalbuminemia. Approximately one-fourth of hepatic reports were in Labrador Retrievers.

Neurologic: Ataxia, paresis, paralysis, seizures, vestibular signs, disorientation.

Urinary: Hematuria, polyuria, polydipsia, urinary incontinence, urinary tract infection, azotemia, acute renal failure, tubular abnormalities including acute tubular necrosis, renal tubular acidosis, glucosuria.

Behavioral: Sedation, lethargy, hyperactivity, restlessness, aggressiveness.

Hematologic: Immune-mediated hemolytic anemia, immune-mediated thrombocytopenia, blood loss anemia, epistaxis.

Dermatologic: Pruritus, increased shedding, alopecia, pyotraumatic moist dermatitis (hot spots), necrotizing panniculitis/vasculitis, ventral ecchymosis.

Immunologic or hypersensitivity: Facial swelling, hives, erythema.

In rare situations, death has been associated with some of the adverse reactions listed above.

For a copy of the Material Safety Data Sheet (MSDS) or to report a suspected adverse reaction call Pfizer Animal Health at 1-800-366-5288.

NADA #141-111, Approved by FDA NADA #141-053, Approved by FDA



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1. Proprietary market research; 2000. Data on file, Pfizer Animal Health. © 2001 Pfizer Inc. 2640



YOUNG KIM/CONTACT PRESS IMAGES

"To get a survivor out was worth anything it took," says Carlton (in front of the Pentagon).

Air Force Surgeon General Paul K. Carlton Jr., 54

A doctor calls on his training—and goes well beyond the call of duty

In May Paul Carlton took part in a training drill: preparing for the crash of a 757 passenger jet into the Pentagon. "Every day we'd see those planes from National Airport turning 100 yards from the building," he says. "We decided to practice for what would happen—if."

The scenario was tragically prescient. When American Airlines Flight 77 struck, Carlton's team followed the rehearsed procedures, including donning blue fireproof vests (which identified them as medics), before heading outside to help survivors. No one emerged, though, so Carlton, a father of four grown children, drafted a team of four to run into the burning building. "The clock was ticking," he says. "I thought, 'If we wait for normal rescuers, we won't have anyone alive.'"

As they struggled to see through the smoke, Carlton learned of a man trapped inside a blazing room. Fighting past chest-

high debris ("a broken TV monitor, pieces of a chair, garbage," Carlton says), his team located the dazed victim—Jerry Henson, 64, who combats drug trafficking for the Navy—under a desk. "I put a wet cloth on his face to help him breathe and encouraged him to get moving," Carlton says. He then helped direct his team to carry out the man on a stretcher they had brought with them. "I expected him to just be standing there and giving orders, but General Carlton jumped in," says Air Force Master Sgt. Paul Lirette, who also helped to free victims. "That's the kind of man he is." And he wasn't finished helping the wounded: After emerging from the building, Carlton set up a triage site, loading up ambulances with burn victims.

Four days later Henson was released from the hospital, and his son called Carlton with thanks, noting that his father was still too shaken to talk. But the three-star general, who lives in Washington with wife Jan, 54, a teacher, is trying to draw on his terrifying memories for inspiration. "I'm keeping my vest in my basement," he says. "It's a reminder that we live day-to-day."

Silvion Ramsundar, 31

Gravely wounded, he was kept alive by a stranger

He could still feel his legs. Based on that, says Silvion Ramsundar, an investment executive, "I knew I had a chance to make it out." What he didn't know was how severely he had been injured. On the 78th floor of the south tower during the initial blast, Ramsundar suffered a collapsed lung and a broken collarbone, and a piece of metal almost the size of a playing card became lodged near his aorta. Bleeding and in shock, Ramsundar, who lives in Queens with his wife, Nimmi, 32, and daughter Mariah, 4, managed to make his way down nearly 30 flights of stairs. "On the 50th floor I wanted to rest, but a stranger, a guy named Doug, put his arm around me and said, 'If you can make it, let's keep going,'" says Ramsundar. "He kept telling me everything was going to be all right."

His mystery rescuer turned out to be Douglas Brown, a 54-year-old Morgan Stanley executive who was fleeing with a colleague when they encountered Ramsundar. "He had a very faraway look in his eyes," says Brown, who lives in Summit, N.J., with his wife, Alice, 55. "You noticed how many cuts were on his face." When Ramsundar said that he was bleeding badly just above the heart, Brown and his colleague quickly fashioned a com-

press with a handkerchief and continued moving.

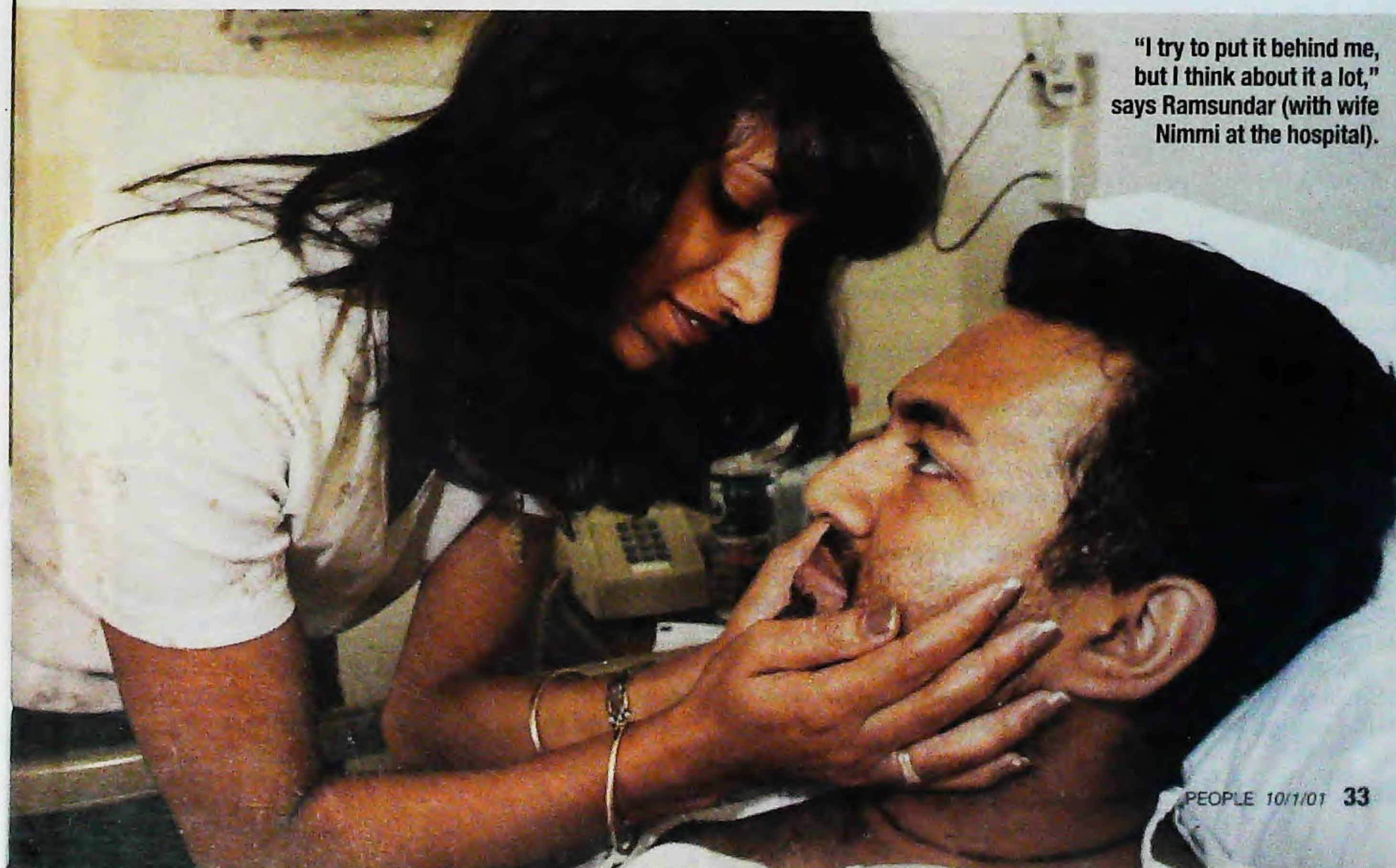
Upon fleeing the building, Brown rushed Ramsundar to a medic. "A fireman gave me a compress to hold over his chest," says Brown. "I held it with my right hand and with my left hand tried to dial Silvion's wife."

Within minutes Ramsundar was whisked away to a nearby hospital as Brown rushed to escape the falling debris. On Sept. 16 the pair were reunited on the phone. "It felt real good talking to him," says Ramsundar, who is expected to make a full recovery. Brown, meanwhile, reminded his new pal of the vow he had made during their treacherous descent together: to buy Ramsundar a beer after the ordeal was over. Ramsundar wasn't having it. Recalls Brown: "He said, 'Nope, I'm going to buy you a beer.'"

"Silvion's wife thanked me about 25 times," says Brown (with wife Alice in '00).



COURTESY DOUG BROWN



"I try to put it behind me, but I think about it a lot," says Ramsundar (with wife Nimmi at the hospital).

ERIC O'CONNELL

AMERICA'S SPIRIT



"I said, 'My name is Debbie,'" says Kowalski (left, with Mardenfeld and rescuer Dowe), "and she mouthed, 'So is mine.'"

Debbie Mardenfeld, 30

Facing amputation, she got a reprieve from determined surgeons

When Debbie Mardenfeld was wheeled into New York University Downtown Hospital—minutes after a passerby, project manager Paul Dowe, 43, found her in the rubble of the World Trade Center—she was barely alive. "Her heart was still beating, but everything else had stopped working," says orthopedic surgeon Nelson Botwinick, 46. Falling debris had ripped the flesh from the back of the American Express administrator's torso, sheared her left heel and shattered her legs.

One surgeon wanted to amputate below the knees, but Botwinick wouldn't hear of it. "I felt confident that I knew what to do," he says. "I made the call." For the next seven hours—through a power failure caused by the collapse of a nearby building—he and three other surgeons worked to piece together Mardenfeld's mutilated body.

It wasn't until she awoke in the recovery room early Wednesday morning and asked for someone to phone her parents and fiancé that her rescuers learned Mardenfeld's identity. They also got to know her buoyant spirit. "I've never met a patient like her," says Debbie Kowalski, nurse manager of the intensive care unit. "She's very positive, always thanking people and kissing hands. She's happy to be alive."

Doctors warn that Mardenfeld still faces the danger of infection in coming weeks. But if she survives, with luck she will be able to walk again—and dance at her wedding to Greg St. John next year. Dr. Gerald Ginsberg, NYU Downtown's director of plastic surgery, is optimistic. The day after the blast, he says, Mardenfeld grabbed a tablet and wrote, "So doc, my butt is smaller?" Says Ginsberg: "She has the attitude to get through this."

Saade Mustafa, 29

Proud of his heritage, he illuminated the rubble

A sense of dread filled Saade Mustafa when he learned of the attacks. "My first thought was, 'I hope the terrorists are not Arab,'" he says. "I knew there would be backlash."

Determined to help with the rescue effort, Mustafa, a native New Yorker and Gulf War veteran who works as an electrician for the NBC drama *Third Watch*, headed to the wreckage. "I am American, 100 percent," he says. "I served my country once, and I wanted to serve it again." He unloaded food and set up lights so rescue workers could continue through the night. But he says he felt self-conscious at the site (only about 50 of New York City's 11,500 firefighters are Muslim), and he cringed when other volunteers called his name. "They were yelling, 'Hey, Saade!' 'Hey, Mustafa!'" he recalls, "and I was thinking, 'Call me Moose.' That's what people called me in the service."

The son of Palestinian immigrants, Mustafa says he fears for the safety of his mother, Sakibeh, 48, who wears a traditional Islamic head-dress. And he emphasizes that his Muslim faith is a world apart from that of the terrorists, who, he notes, represent "really, really warped views about how we're supposed to live our lives in the world today."



"The Muslim community is large and diverse," says Mustafa (with his mother on Sept. 18).

What gives you confidence?

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AMERICA'S SPIRIT

Armando Reno, 55

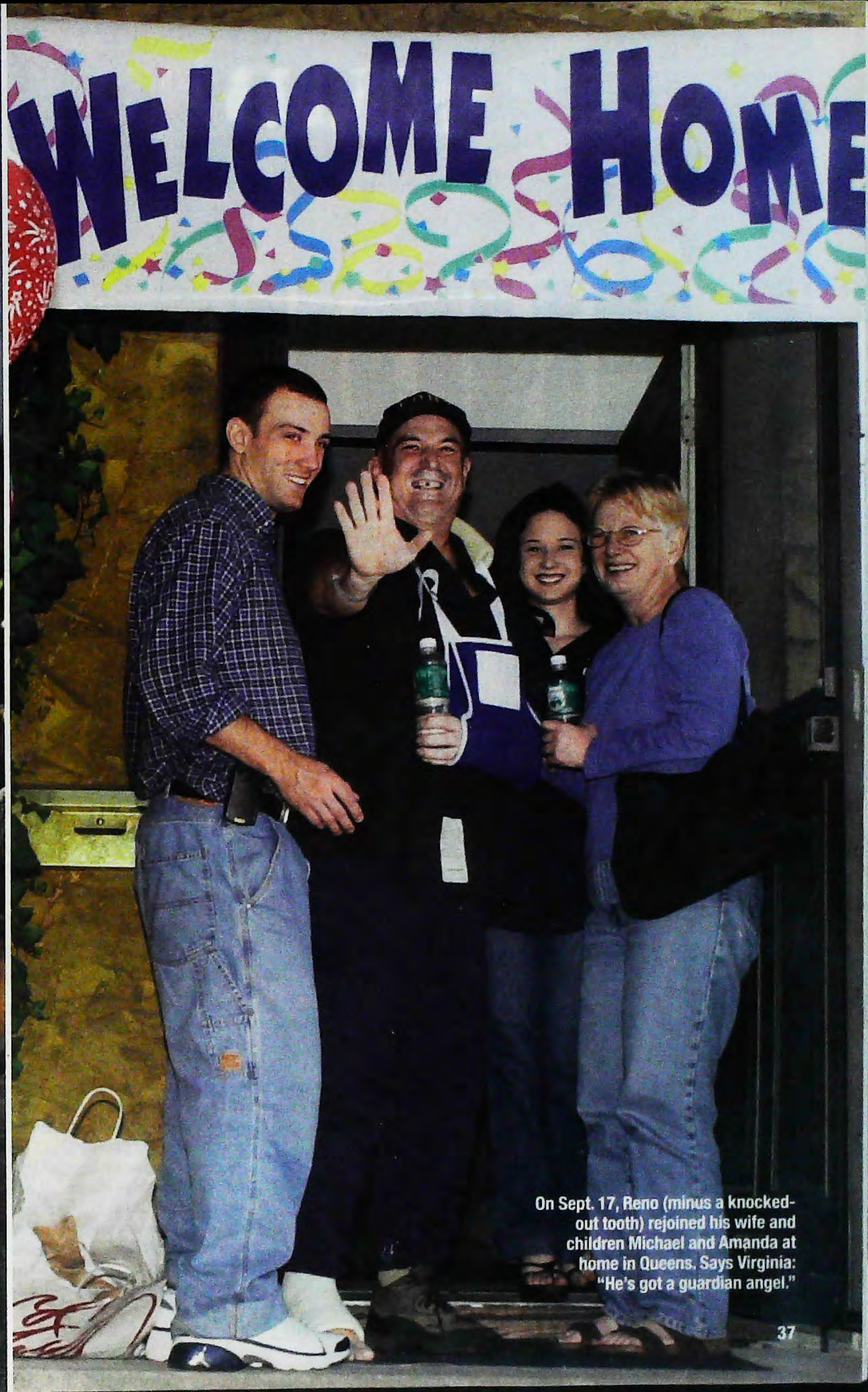
All too rare: a firefighter who made it out of the Trade Center rubble

As soon as she heard about the attack, Virginia Reno, 50, knew her husband, a 29-year veteran of midtown Manhattan's Engine Co. 65, would make it to the scene nearly 60 blocks south in a New York minute. "He's the driver, and he goes pretty fast," she says. Indeed, Armando Reno, among the first firefighters in the area, was dousing a car fire in the street when the second tower collapsed, burying him beneath the rubble.

Hearing nothing from Reno for hours after the 10:29 a.m. collapse, his frantic family—including children Stephen, 24, a Marine stationed in San Diego; Michael, 26, a New York City EMS worker who was not on the scene; and Amanda, 21, a community college student—feared the worst. "Any time there's anything that makes the news, he calls to say he's okay," says Virginia, a Department of Motor Vehicles clerk. Then, around 3 p.m., she got a call from Bellevue Hospital: Armando was there, having been dug out by fellow firefighters from beneath wreckage that a squadmate says included steel beams and two motorcycles. The news, however, was not all good for Engine Co. 65, whose members helped evacuate workers after the 1993 World Trade Center bombing. One firefighter from the 25-man company, Thomas McCann, remains missing at the scene. Reno "is damned glad to be alive and damned sad about everyone else," says his mother, Hope, 79.

After six days in the hospital with a broken foot and scapula and back injuries, Reno—who fought in Vietnam as a Marine and survived severe burns in an underground explosion as a telephone cable splicer in the early '70s—rejoined his family at his home in Whitestone, Queens. But perhaps not for too long. Engine Co. 65's senior man—"a father figure who takes care of the junior guys," says company captain Matt Murtagh—is counting the days until he can get back to work. "Nothing," his mother says, "will stop him." •

Reno (on Sept. 11) "doesn't remember anything" about his four hours buried, says his wife, Virginia.

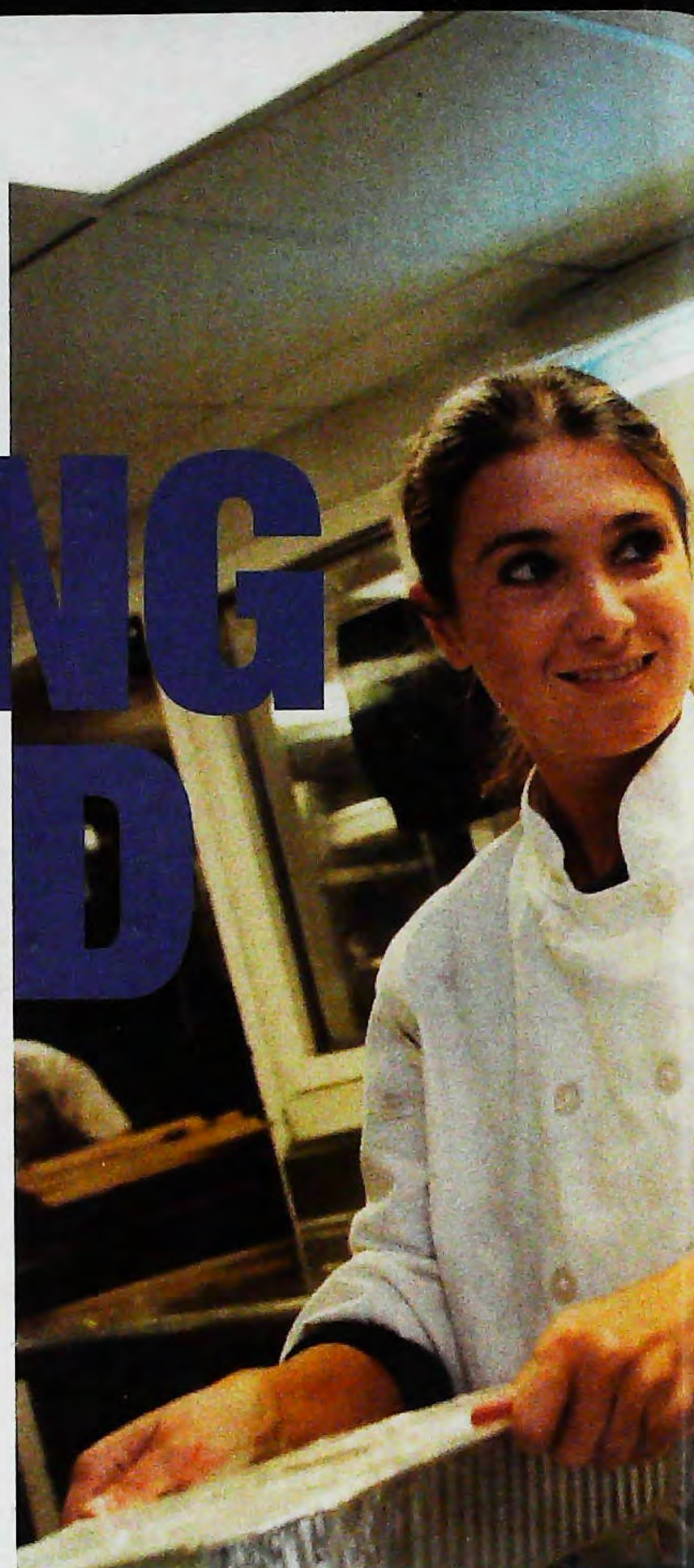


On Sept. 17, Reno (minus a knocked-out tooth) rejoined his wife and children Michael and Amanda at home in Queens. Says Virginia: "He's got a guardian angel."

LENDING A HAND

With food, compassion and cash, mobilized Americans answered the question: 'How can I help?'

Smoke billows from the World Trade Center rubble as a speedboat transports food to rescuers in lower Manhattan.



As the Twin Towers and the Pentagon smoldered in ruins, Americans wept for our dead, feared for our lives and raged at an insidious foe. But when the initial shock subsided, the nation emerged with renewed energy, passion and resolve. New Yorkers and Washingtonians displayed a can-do gallantry, sending hot meals to beleaguered rescuers, saving pets from damaged apartment houses, soothing the bereft. Across the country flags draped the windows of tenements and mansions alike. No doubt the irony is lost on our enemies, but if the mission of the terrorist is to divide and weaken, then the atrocities of Sept. 11 were a resounding failure: America has drawn far closer—and far stronger.



Fleur Perry Lang, 26

A waitress to the cosmopolitan elite serves haute cuisine to New York City's true nobility

As this most socially stratified city grappled with grief and rage, New Yorkers forged some unexpected bonds. On the evening of Sept. 14, a speedboat called *The Screamer* raced down the Hudson bearing the staff and owners of some of Manhattan's chicest eateries—from Daniel on the Upper East Side to Robert De Niro's downtown Tribeca Grill—and filled with four-star takeout for the rescuers at Ground Zero—firefighters and sandhogs who, one could wager, aren't regulars at any of those establishments.

"So many people had given them cookies and crackers," says Fleur Perry Lang, who works as a server at Daniel. "They needed a warm meal—mashed potatoes, meatloaf, fish stew."

The program is the work of Chefs with Spirit, a culinary alliance (it also includes gourmet markets) formed three days after the crashes. "We have prepared a lot of food, maybe 12,000 meals," says Marty Shapiro, 45, general manager of Tribeca Grill, just seven blocks from the WTC, which has been closed since the attacks and now serves as a dropoff point for delivery trucks. "We are trying to keep it simple, individual and healthy—turkey, avocado, roast beef. In the morning we do egg sandwiches and pastries."

"I was very depressed until we got mobilized to do something," says Lang (right, with coworker Celia Laurent, in the Daniel kitchen).

AMERICA'S SPIRIT

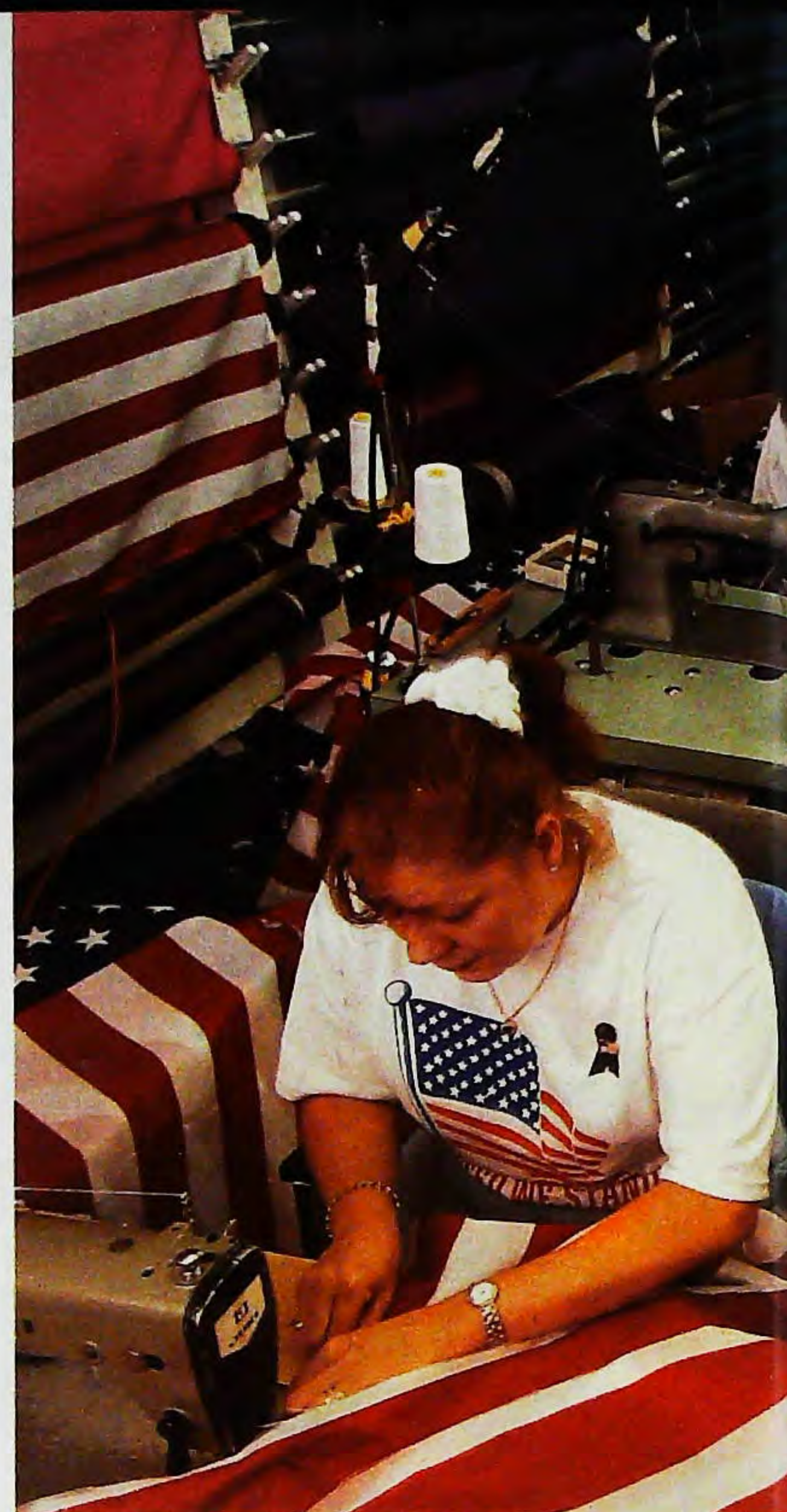
At Daniel, Lang and some 30 other staffers spent hours grating, peeling, cooking and packing. Then, at 5 p.m. on Sept. 14, owner Daniel Boulud called for 10 volunteers to ferry the bounty to lower Manhattan. "It was a beautiful night that night—the sky was all pink, except for that cloud of smoke coming from Ground Zero," recalls Lang. *The Screamer* docked five blocks from the disaster site, where "everything is covered in white-gray ash," says Frenchwoman Lang, whose husband of three years, Adam, 32, a private chef, has also cooked for the cause. "What's also incredible is the silence. Even though you see hoses watering down small fires or workers trying to cut down the iron, it's really a dead calm."

She and her colleagues got right to work doling out meals aboard a docked cruise boat, which serves as a floating shelter for the famished and exhausted rescue workers. Moved to the brink of tears, Lang couldn't speak to her beneficiaries. "They looked so tired, and I don't think they really wanted to talk about it," she says. "My friend Celia and I went to the top of the boat, and there was a fireman sleeping on the floor. We felt like we had violated his privacy."

All told, dozens of local restaurants have rallied to the rescuers' aid, delivering tens of thousands of dollars' worth of food and drink. "These guys, they look you dead in the eye and tell you thanks," says Josh Capon, the executive chef at Manhattan's trendy Canteen restaurant, who whipped up 100 pounds of baked ziti and 30 gallons of Tuscan bean soup. "The one thing you never hear out here is, 'You're welcome.' Somebody says thank you, you say thank you."



Lang's boss, chef Daniel Boulud, conducts a taste test before delivering his gourmet fare to Ground Zero.



Raquel Dominguez, 38
In the spirit of Betsy Ross, a refugee from Castro's Cuba turns out flags for a united nation

Meticulously, Raquel Dominguez, a seamstress, rolls her cutting blade over a bolt of red-white-and-blue cotton, slicing off a strip. Then she passes the fabric across the table to Petronilla Cedeno, who scissors it into 10 American flags, 4 in. by 6 in. each. Over and again, for the next five hours, the women repeat the process, eventually producing 4,000 copies of the Stars and Stripes. And that won't even begin to satisfy the requests flooding Freedom Flags of North Miami, one of few shops in South Florida where, amid the nationwide surge of patriotism following this month's terrorist attacks, you can still buy Old Glory.

"I've got orders on my desk I couldn't fill in a zillion years," says owner Barbara Dabney, 51. But since Sept. 11, she has sold more than 100,000 flags (they range in price from \$1 to \$15, depending on size) thanks to frenetic 12-



hour days logged by the company's 14 seamstresses—all immigrants and some, like Cuban-born Dominguez, refugees from oppression. "My brother and I and four others came to America on a boat in 1989—it took us three days," she says. "Our compass broke. We didn't know if we would make it."

Forty miles off Key West, they were rescued by a U.S. Coast Guard patrol. "The first thing I saw as they pulled their boat up was the American flag," says Dominguez, the married mother of a 2-year-old daughter, who was naturalized two years ago. "That flag meant everything in the world to us. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen."

The pace has been grueling. "No breaks, no lunch—it is hard, but I don't mind," 38-year-old Eulogia Vargas, who fled war-torn Nicaragua 11 years ago, says as she presses the pedal of her sewing machine. Indeed, even as the phones ring off the hook and walk-in customers line up around the block, Freedom's workers handle the



"We made flags as people were standing in line," says Freedom Flags owner Barbara Dabney. "The girls stayed all night sewing."

flag with their accustomed reverence. "They respect it so much. They don't want to let the fabric drop on the floor," says Dabney, whose employees earn from \$6.50 to \$12.50 an hour—and aren't in it for the overtime.

"I wish I could do something more to help, to do something up there where the people were killed," says Dominguez. "What I can do is work here, and get these flags out."

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AMERICA'S SPIRIT



Sister Cindy Catherine, 49

Surrounded by hell on earth, she offers solace, strength and faith to anguished New Yorkers

The faces are young, most of them, some with features blurred in black-and-white snapshots, others formally posed beneath mortarboards and fire hats, still others caught under the tree on a distant Christmas morning. Goldstein, Moroney, Wong—each one imbued with an agonizing beauty. They call it the Wall of Prayers, a shrine to missing loved ones at the entrance of Manhattan's Bellevue Hospital. Here Sister Cindy Catherine of the Episcopal Order of St. Helena joins other clergy—Christian, Jewish and Muslim—in frequent prayer services and offers comfort to a city seized by fear, fury and grief.

"Some people just want to hold our hand," drawls Sister Cindy Catherine, who was relocated to New York from Augusta, Ga., a month ago. "Sometimes they just want to tell us how wonderful their loved one is." Especially vivid was an 11-year-old boy whose sister was missing. He'd spent the night at the hospital and refused to go home. "He said he just didn't know where else to be," she recalls. "He never said she was dead.

I never said she was dead. But that was the implication. I talked about taking care of himself and that if he stayed here every night he was going to collapse and become a victim himself."

Sister Cindy Catherine is only one of innumerable clergy and counselors trying to heal broken spirits. Raphael Barberg, a Buffalo police lieutenant and deacon of St. George Antiochian Orthodox Christian Church, made the seven-plus-hour train trip to work with rescuers at Ground Zero. "The guys with their faces, the burned-out, zoned-out look—I wanted to make sure they were okay," explains Barberg, 35, the married father of two whose parish consists largely of Arab-Americans. "You could see it in their eyes, the urgency, the terror of uncovering the next rock and finding the body they were looking for. They're wondering why. What does this accomplish, to destroy human life like this? I didn't have the answers."

Indeed, many Americans have seen their faith shaken by the events of Sept. 11. "People are angry," says Sister Cindy Catherine. "They'll walk up and say, 'How can you believe?' All of that is valid. It's not our job to try to move them from where they are." As for her own faith, "I believe God was in the rubble, and God is here now."

"I'm going to continue to be part of the healing," vows Sister Cindy Catherine (near Bellevue Hospital with local resident and World War II vet Kelly Lucas).

AMERICA'S SPIRIT



LISA QUINONES/BLACK STAR

"They're so grateful," says Blackman (helping an officer organize supplies). "And I'm so grateful for what they're doing."

Nicole Blackman, 32
Working round-the-clock, she delivers niceties and necessities to the city's rescue workers

"Do you need some coffee, honey?" asks Nicole Blackman as a pair of bleary recovery workers approach. "Take what you need, then take two more." As they depart with steaming cups, one worker nods at Blackman and mumbles, "She's like from another planet: home."

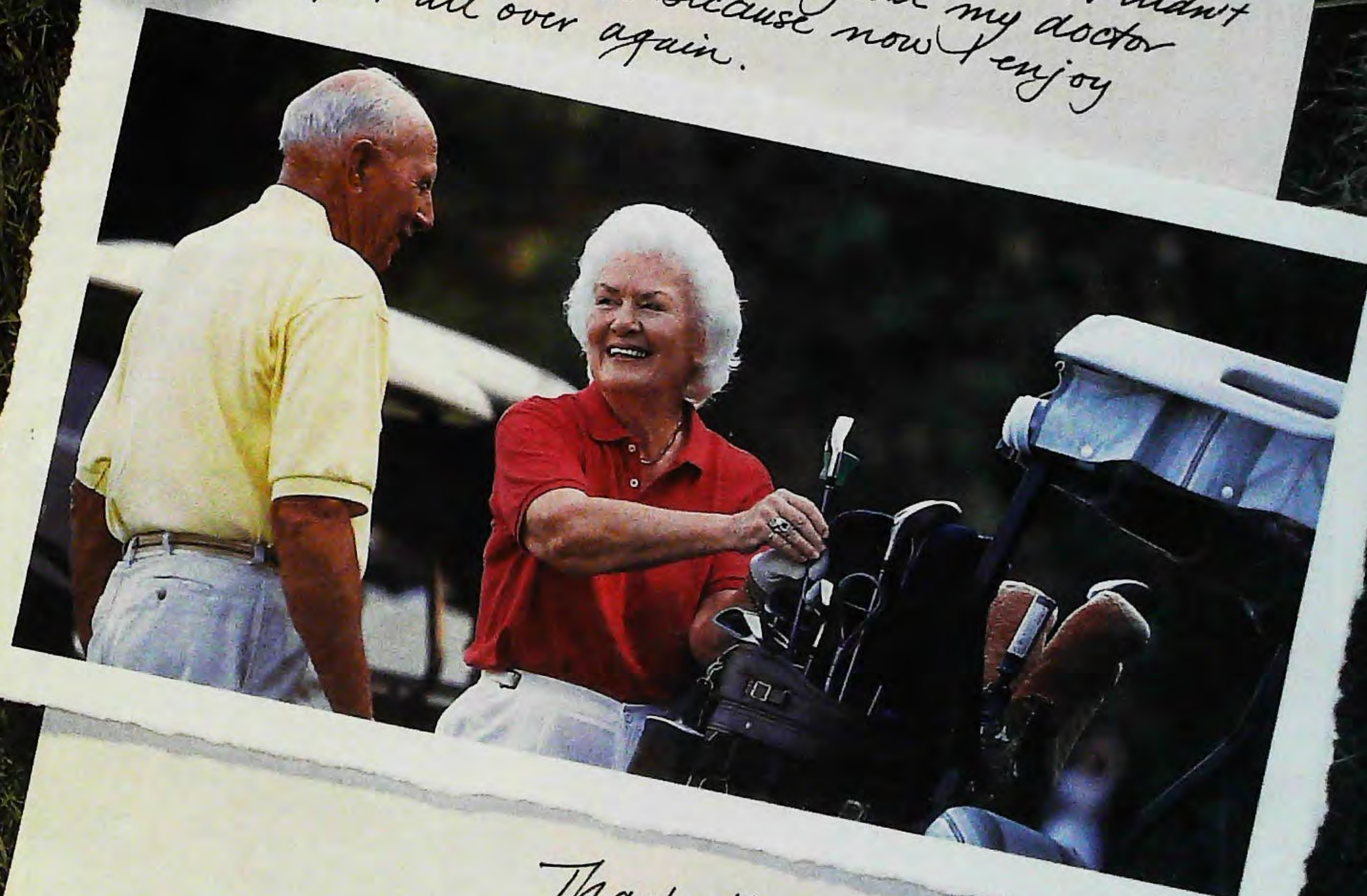
In fact, Blackman is from just over the East River, in Brooklyn. But in the week after the attacks, her home base has been the volunteer command center set up by the city at Stuyvesant High School, a few blocks from the World Trade Center rubble. "It was somewhat chaotic at first," she says. "We had a couple of paper plates with cookies on them, and there were piles of food everywhere. Now we have a system, and

people know where to go for socks and where to go for cell-phone batteries."

In the course of 18 hours Blackman, the de facto leader of about two dozen volunteers, has doled out sandwiches, energy bars and vitamins to some 1,200 rescue workers. In the process, she has gotten to know many of their names and their needs. "I'm their mommy figure right now," says Blackman, a voice-over actress for commercials. "I care about them and know what they need. I know who's a diabetic, who needs daily vitamins, who doesn't eat ham." Donors, she notes in amazement, seem to have thought of everything. "Someone made sure vegan rescue workers had soy milk," she says. "That stuns me." So does the ongoing outpouring of offers to help. "We've seen the worst of what humanity can do, but now we're seeing the best," she says. "I'll stay here until they throw me out or until I pass out."

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AMERICA'S SPIRIT

Kerry McGinnis, 30

Reuniting frantic owners with their stranded pets, she spreads much-needed cheer

Cats, dogs, birds, turtles, fish, a ferret and a chinchilla: Those are just some of the pets that Kerry McGinnis, a kennel manager for Manhattan's Humane Society, has helped rescue from lower Manhattan's evacuated apartments since Sept. 11. It hasn't been easy. "It took us over an hour to catch one woman's cats," says McGinnis, who, along with some 30 other volunteers, accompanies residents on the pet-retrieval missions. "We found the first cat, covered in dust, and her rabbit in its cage, but we were flipping the couch, looking under the bed for the other cat. The owner was crying. We finally found it on the top shelf of a closet."

"A pet is a member of your family," says McGinnis (outside N.Y.C.'s Humane Society with a couple of its residents).

The first animal rescuers to set up operations at Pier 40 on the Hudson River, now a command post where the city's 20,000-plus displaced residents can get police escorts for brief visits to their still off-limits apartments, McGinnis and Michael

Weltz, a Humane Society vet, have been working 12-hour shifts and have helped save more than 200 pets so far. Despite days without food or water, most of the animals have been found alive. "She doesn't just rescue pets," says Patricia Sietz-Honig, who retrieved her two cats on Sept. 16 with McGinnis's help, "she reunites families."

McGinnis knows exactly what she means. "People have comfort in having their animals back," says the Ohio native, who moved to Manhattan six years ago. "For some a pet may be all they have that survived. Parents couldn't wait to tell children, 'I've got the kitty, and she's safe.'"

McGinnis's mission hasn't left her much time with her own pets—two dogs, a cat, five tortoises and 30 fish—back in the midtown apartment she shares with boyfriend Michael Govia, an actor. But she doesn't mind. "I've lost my neighbor, who worked in one of the towers," she says. "So it's been difficult to go home." When she does leave each night, "people cheer and throw thank-you letters into my car," she says. "We are all trying to do what we can."



LISA QUINN/BLACK STAR

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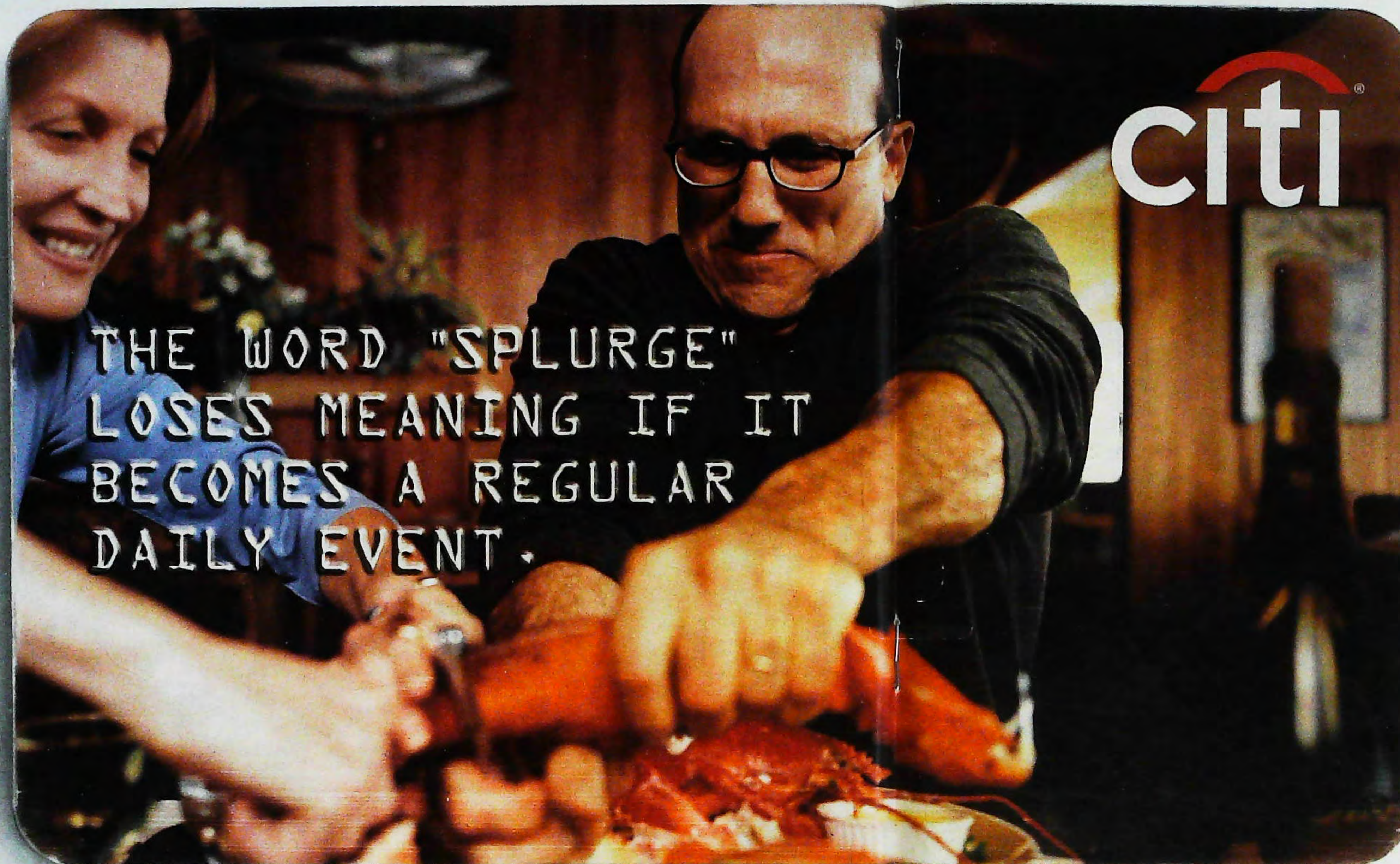
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AMERICA'S SPIRIT

Mohammed Tabibi, 20, and Gail Batt, 54

An Afghani-American student and a retiree forge a bountiful union for Pentagon rescuers

Compassion was his first thought, but Mohammed Tabibi had a second reason to help the rescue effort at the Pentagon, in his native Arlington, Va. The only child of Afghani immigrants who came to this country in the 1970s, he felt he had to make a stand. That was even before he knew the attack had been linked to Saudi fugitive Osama bin Laden, who has been sheltered by Afghanistan's repressive Taliban government. "People look at us and think, 'They did this,' not seeing us for who we are," says Tabibi, a third-year psychology major at George Mason University in Fairfax, Va. "We didn't do this. We are Americans."

On the afternoon of Sept. 11, Tabibi teamed up with Batt, a retired Transportation Department manager and fellow volunteer at the Arlington County Police Department, and "hit up every restaurant and grocery store in the vicinity," she says. Their first stop: the vast Fresh Fields market. "The manager and her staff were loading up carts like it was a game show," Batt recalls. Over the next 17 hours, the duo gathered pro bono bounty from fooderies high-end and low. "We all want to be involved," says Kim Gotcher, manager of the Italian Store, a specialty sandwich shop. "I was honored to be asked."

Altruism is nothing new for Batt, who six years ago began counseling crime victims for the Arlington police. "This small effort is just a way to put my arms around the victims and say, 'I'm here,'" she says. For his part, defiance is Tabibi's goal. "I love this country so," he says. "I do hope this will mean the Taliban is destroyed once and for all. That is the only good that will come of this."



"I am as horrified and broken-hearted as anyone," says Tabibi (center, with Batt and Corp. Joe Peralda of the Arlington County P.D. at the Alexandria, Va., firehouse).



Julia DeVita, 9

Her beloved cousin missing, a fourth-grader turns lemons into lemonade—and cash

Most days, when they're selling cool drinks and cookies to buy 'N Sync's latest CD, Julia DeVita and her best friend Caroline White, both 9, may clear around \$8. Last weekend the girls, along with a few friends from their Charlotte, N.C., neighborhood, made more than \$1,000. Then, after school on Monday, they raised an additional \$1,400—all for the Red Cross. "We wish we could make a \$10 million donation like Bill



Gates," says Julia, referring to Microsoft's gift. "But we're doing what we can."

That has turned out to be plenty. Setting up the curbside stand in memory of Julia's 23-year-old cousin Jonathan Cappello, a Cantor Fitzgerald employee who worked on the 105th floor of 1 World Trade Center and remains missing, "gives them a sense of pride," says Julia's father, Rich, 38 and a financial planner. "Instead of watching replays of the tragedy, they can channel their energy into something valuable." Now the children's gift is even more valuable thanks to neighbor Shannon Wesley, 28, wife of Charlotte

Hornets guard David Wesley. "Every time I drive by, I feel the need to donate, because they're working so hard," she says. "So I got our Hornets' Wives Organization to agree to match the money they raise." Her husband soon offered to do the same. For Julia, who saw one man stuff \$100 in her pickle jar and whose schoolmates have been handing her donations in the hallways, helping take part in such generosity has offered her comfort in a time of sorrow. "I'm really angry. I even want to cuss," she says. "But this way I can help other people. It's a way to say I'm proud to be an American." •

"It makes them feel they can make a difference," says Rich DeVita of daughter Julia (left) and her pals Caroline, Ricky White and Charlie Wagner.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

After phoning their families, brave strangers aboard a doomed airliner may have saved the lives of hundreds

Victim Tom Burnett's wife, Deena (with daughters Madison, left, Halley and Anna, behind chair), "has as much strength as my brother did," says Tom's sister Mary.



INSET AP



When Tom called, "Deena could tell his adrenaline was flowing," says his sister.

LUCY GREENE/CK

They were strangers on a plane, three men who, as they departed Newark, N.J., on United Airlines Flight 93, probably were thinking of the business meetings that awaited them in California. It was a fluke

that Jeremy Glick, 31, Tom Burnett Jr., 38, and Mark Bingham, 31, were all on the Boeing 757; Glick was supposed to have left a day earlier, but a fire at Newark International Airport delayed his departure. But it was also grim serendipity that they were clustered near one another in the first few rows of the cabin. In the terrifying minutes before their craft plunged nose-first into a field 65 miles southeast of Pittsburgh, killing all 45 people aboard, these men found the courage to band together. It appears that their concerted action thwarted at least four hijackers from crashing the craft into a Washington target, perhaps the Capitol building or the White House. Thanks to their efforts, hundreds, if not thousands, of lives were saved.

"Clearly, we know the plane that crashed outside Pittsburgh was headed for Washington," Vice President Dick Cheney told NBC's *Meet the Press*. "Mr. Glick and others—Mr. Burnett—were very courageous when they made that decision, knowing that they were doomed." Unless voice recorders recovered from the wreckage detail what happened—and

AMERICA'S SPIRIT



Investigators comb through the crater left by Flight 93.

that's iffy at best—the public may never know precisely what the three men did. Yet it is clear from the cell and in-flight phone calls they made to loved ones that once they learned their lives were in jeopardy, they resolved to act against their captors. “If we’re going to die, there’s three of us and we’re going to do something about it,” Burnett told his wife, Deena. For their valor under extraordinary circumstances, there was talk last week on Capitol Hill of awarding the men the Presidential Medal of Freedom.

As the investigation proceeds, others may also be recognized. Flight attendant CeeCee Lyles, 33, for instance, was a former police officer in Fort Pierce, Fla., who changed careers last year. In two phone calls home, the second of them 25 minutes before the plane plummeted to earth, she told her husband, “Babe, my plane’s been hijacked.” Lorne Lyles, 31, a police officer in Fort Myers, Fla., says his wife “was a person who controlled her own destiny,” and believes she helped wrest control of the plane from the hijackers. Lisa Beamer, 32, of Cranbury, N.J., also believes her husband, Todd, 32, an employee of Oracle, was involved. She says he spoke to a GTE Airfone operator, reciting the Lord’s Prayer and saying the passengers were going to do something. “I know I’m not going to get out of this,” she says he told the woman.

Whatever happened, it is almost certain that it was the action of a handful of brave people that diverted the plane. Their determination to go down fighting appears to have evolved during a series of calls home that were both cries for help and poignant goodbyes. When Tom Burnett’s wife, Deena, 37, answered the phone at her home in San Ramon, Calif., she had just heard about the disaster at the World Trade Center in New York City. “How are you?” she anxiously asked her husband of 10 years and father of their three daughters. “Bad,” he responded. “Our plane is being hijacked. This is my flight number. Call the authorities.” When he called back soon after, Deena gave him the horrifying news about the towers.

Quickly, he supplied critical information to be relayed to



“Jeremy’s life had a purpose,” says Lyz Glick (beside her in-laws, Joan and Lloyd, at his memorial service).



Emerson Glick (with her father in July) was named for Jeremy’s favorite writer, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

“If we’re going to die, there’s three of us and we’re going to do something about it”

authorities. “He said, ‘They’ve knifed a guy. They say there’s a bomb,’” recalls his sister Mary Burnett, 32, who was en route to work when the events unfolded. “He wanted to know the probability of there really being a bomb on the plane.” Tom, who was senior vice president and chief operating officer of Thoratec Corp., a

medical research company in Pleasanton, Calif., also wanted to know what authorities were doing about the attacks. “My brother’s a very quick thinker, very strategic,” says Mary.

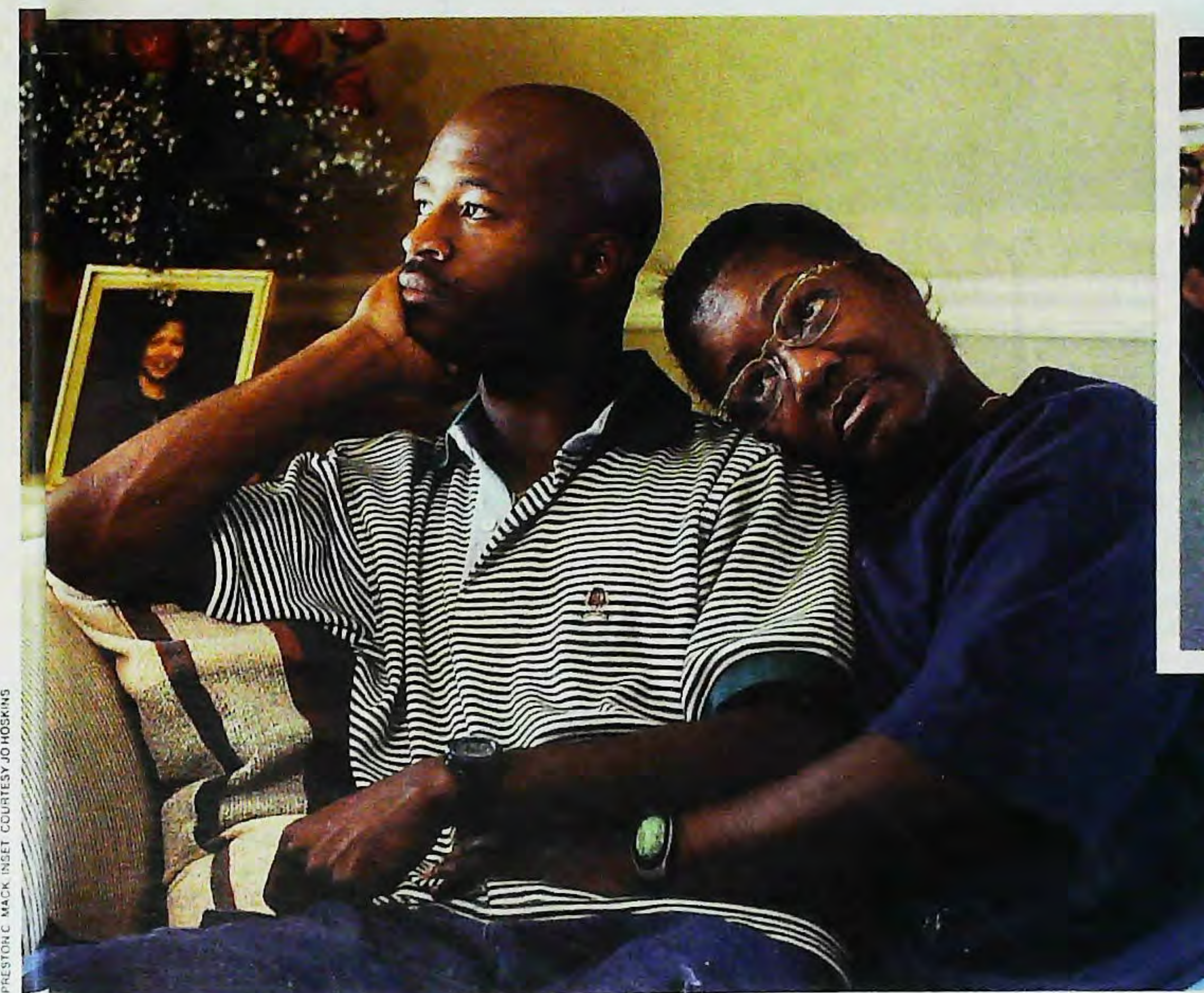
Soon after, in Upstate New York, Lyzbeth Glick, 31, was watching the Trade Center story at her parents’ home on a large-screen TV when the phone rang. It was her husband, Jeremy, a sales manager for the Web-site firm Vividence, headquartered in San Mateo, Calif., and there was a note of urgency in his voice as he explained he was captive on Flight 93. “We said ‘I love you’ a thousand times. It helped us pull it together,” she says. “Then he said, ‘I need to know, are they crashing planes into the World Trade Center?’”—an indication he had already conferred with others on the flight. He spoke of three Arab-looking men with red headbands, one armed with a knife and one in possession of a box with red markings that the hijackers said contained a bomb.

When Mark Bingham, owner of a public relations firm,

reached his family in Saratoga, Calif., he, too, was hushed in revealing over the air phone that hijackers had a bomb on the plane. “He said, ‘I want to tell you I love you,’” says his mother, Alice Hoglan, 52, a flight attendant of 16 years with United Airlines. Soon the phone line went dead.

That the three men were able to fashion a plan and act in the face of such terrifying circumstances strikes their relatives as not only believable but likely given their take-charge personalities. With Glick, a 6’1”, 220-lb. former judo and wrestling champion who thrived on high-risk sports like helicopter skiing and scuba diving, “everything was a competition,” says Jared, 28, one of his five siblings. The 6’2”, 210-lb. Burnett, who hails from a long line of war veterans, had a personal motto: “Everybody else first, me second,” says his father, Tom Sr., a retired English teacher. And Jerry Bingham, 58, of Wildwood, Fla., says of his athletic, 6’5”, 200-plus-lb. son Mark, “He wasn’t the type of guy who sat on the sidelines. He was a go-getter.”

Lyz Glick is convinced that Jeremy was propelled by a single impulse: “He wanted to get home to his family.” As had been his ritual before every trip west, he repeatedly stated his preference to remain home—there being a particular attraction since the birth of their daughter Emerson three months ago. “A dozen times over the week, he



CeeCee and Lorne Lyles ready Jevon, 6, her son by a prior marriage, for school.

Lorne Lyles (with his mother, Jo Hoskins) says CeeCee “treated me like a king.”



"I knew before I heard the news that Mark, if he were at all able, would try to keep the hijackers from killing innocent people on the ground," says his mother, Alice Hoglan (at home).

Mark Bingham (with grandmother Betty Hoglan) "inspired anybody who knew him," says a friend.



Tom Burnett Jr. also led a charmed life with Deena and their girls, twins Halley and Madison, 5, and Anna, 3. "She is the most amazing mom," his sister Mary says of Deena. On the day of the tragedy, Mary says, "She had such a level head, she sent the girls off to school." Now, she says, Deena has to answer questions from the children such as, "Can you call Dad in heaven?" to which Deena responds lovingly but honestly with "No."

Mary describes Tom as "a very private person" who put family first. An only son sandwiched between two sisters, Tom grew up close to his parents—his mother, Beverly, a former real estate broker, and his father, Tom Sr., with whom he loved to fish and hunt near their home in Bloomington,

Minn. The weekend before the crash Tom flew east so that he and his dad could complete a deer stand on land Tom owns in Wisconsin. On the way back to Bloomington the two men, both practicing Catholics, stopped to attend mass. "That's one thing I'm happy about," says Tom Sr.

Because his father and four uncles served in the military, it was not an easy decision when Tom opted in 1981 to drop out of the Air Force Academy after boot camp. "He decided it wasn't for him," says Mary. "Tom wasn't afraid of doing what he thought was right." Still, last year, he fulfilled his father's dream of visiting Normandy; together they walked along Omaha Beach on the anniversary of D-Day. "He comes from a line of warriors," says Tom Sr. "Tom always respected that."

Had it not been for the crash, Mark Bingham would have been an usher at the Sept. 15 wedding of a friend of Egyptian and Islamic ancestry. "Mark was a very loving man and had friends who were Islamic, Christian and Jewish," says mom Alice. In 1991, Mark told her that he was gay, a fact that she says was "important to him and therefore it's important to me." A national championship rugby player while an undergraduate at the University of California, Berkeley, Mark more recently played for the San Francisco Fog, a gay rugby team that Alice says "he was especially proud of." In an e-mail to a friend, Mark explained, "I finally felt accepted as a gay man and a rugby player. My two irreconcilable worlds came together."

Two years ago, after doing public relations work for two large firms, Mark started his own PR firm, The Bingham Group, with offices in New York City and San Francisco. The bicoastal lifestyle enabled him to maintain strong ties with each of his parents, who split up in the mid-'70s. Since Mark's death, Alice has heard several stories about her son's courage. In San Francisco, when he and friends were confronted by two robbers, says his fellow high school rugby player Todd Sarnier, "He jumped in front of his friends, got the gun away and beat the guys up." In Vancouver with friends, he came to the defense of a waiter who was attacked by a group of men who refused to pay their bill. "I am so honored to have been his mother," Alice says.

For those left behind, there is solace in their loved ones' brave last moments—and those final goodbyes. "I take a lot of comfort in knowing they may have saved the lives of hundreds of people," says Alice. Mary Burnett, grateful for the enormous support her family has received, says, "I'm glad to know my brother could be a symbol of hope." Lyz Glick finds particular strength in having had the opportunity to say goodbye. "Jeremy said, 'I want you to be happy in your life. I will be happy for you. You need to live your life,'" she says. "That gives me comfort. I won't feel guilt in any choices I make." As for the sad irony that Jeremy did not belong on Flight 93, she says, "Maybe God or whatever put them on there because He knew that they could stop some of the evil that was going on in the world." Quietly, she adds, "That's what I'd like to believe and tell our daughter." ●

said, 'I don't want to go,' says Lyz. "He said, 'Tell me not to go and I won't go. I don't want to leave you and Emmy.'" Ironically, the couple had engaged in their first discussion about death just a week earlier, on Sept. 3, Jeremy's 31st birthday, as they drove home from a funeral for Lyz's grandmother. "He told me he did not want [his funeral] to be anything big," says Lyz. "And he did not want people to cry." In Upstate New York, 1,300 people turned out on Sept. 16 for Jeremy's memorial service beneath a white tent on Windham Mountain, where the couple had taught skiing.

Theirs had been a long courtship that began when they were lab partners in a 9th-grade biology class at Saddle River Day School in northern New Jersey. "He always said that the first time he saw me, he knew he was going to marry me," says Lyz, who teaches college-level social sciences courses online. "I wouldn't give him the time of day. He had this huge Afro." Lyz became his sweetheart—and he soon got rid of it, albeit reluctantly. "He thought it gave him power," says his brother Jared. The idea perhaps stemmed from Jeremy's reverence for superheroes: As a

"I want you to be happy in your life. I will be happy for you. You need to live your life"

child he liked to pretend that he was Superman. Jeremy went on to captain the school's wrestling and soccer teams and served as prom king when Lyz was crowned queen. Later, at the University of Rochester, where he majored in literature, he played rugby. "He hated losing," says Jared. "If he was interviewing someone to hire for a job, he would always ask, 'Do you like to win or do you hate to lose?'" There was only one correct answer.

While it was his persistence that kept him in hot pursuit of Lyz after they parted ways to attend different colleges, it may have been his softer side that persuaded her to marry him in 1996. Jared, a diabetic, recalls how, when the two brothers were at judo camp, Jeremy, then 10, used to give him his daily insulin shots. Lyz loved how Jeremy would get up in the middle of the night to feed their only child, Emmy, a premie, by taping a feeding tube to his finger. In December 1999, the couple bought a lakefront house with a swimming pool in northern New Jersey. On winter weekends, they travelled to the Catskills to ski—a sport Jeremy took up before they wed because it was one of Lyz's passions. "We had a perfect life," she says.

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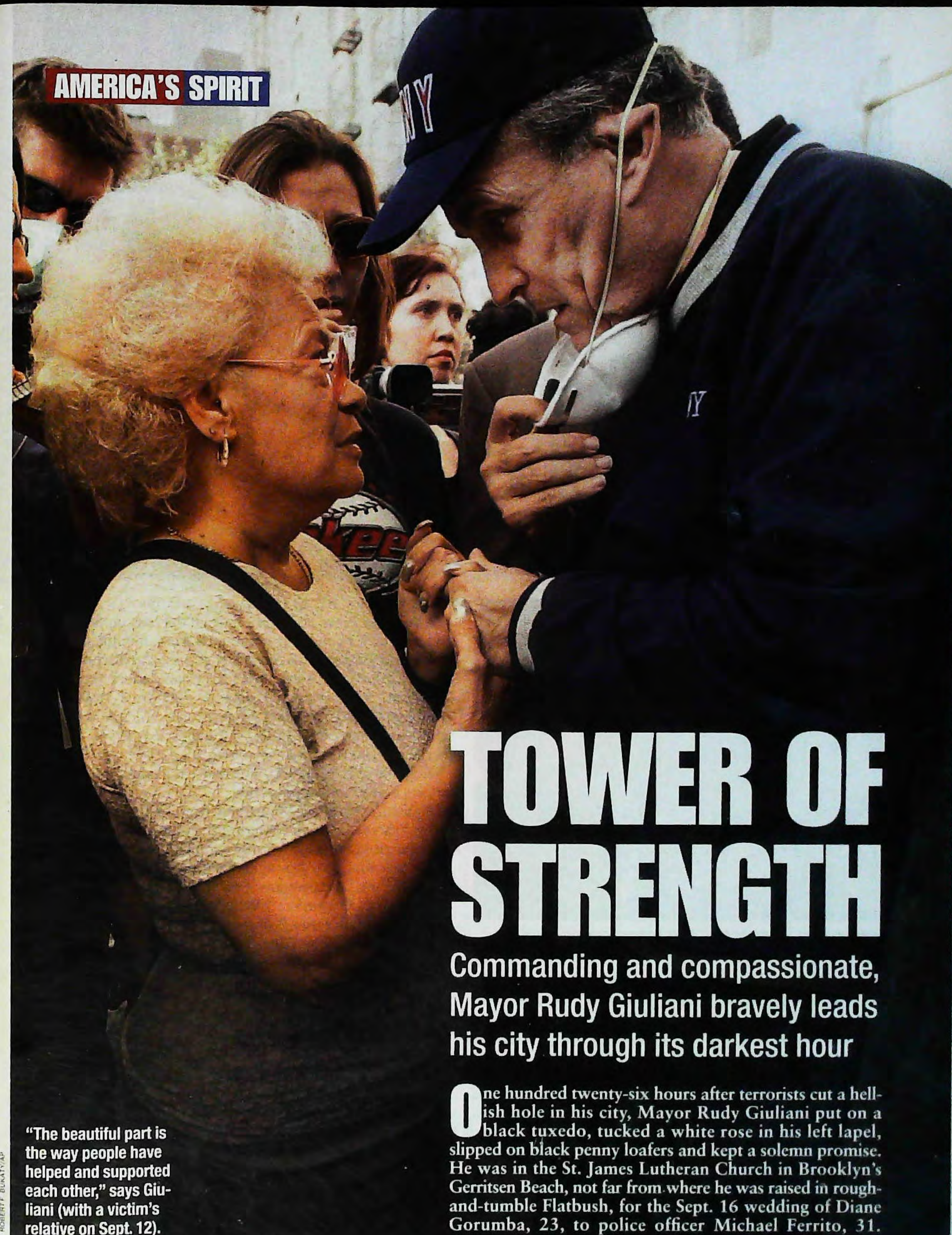
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"The beautiful part is the way people have helped and supported each other," says Giuliani (with a victim's relative on Sept. 12).

TOWER OF STRENGTH

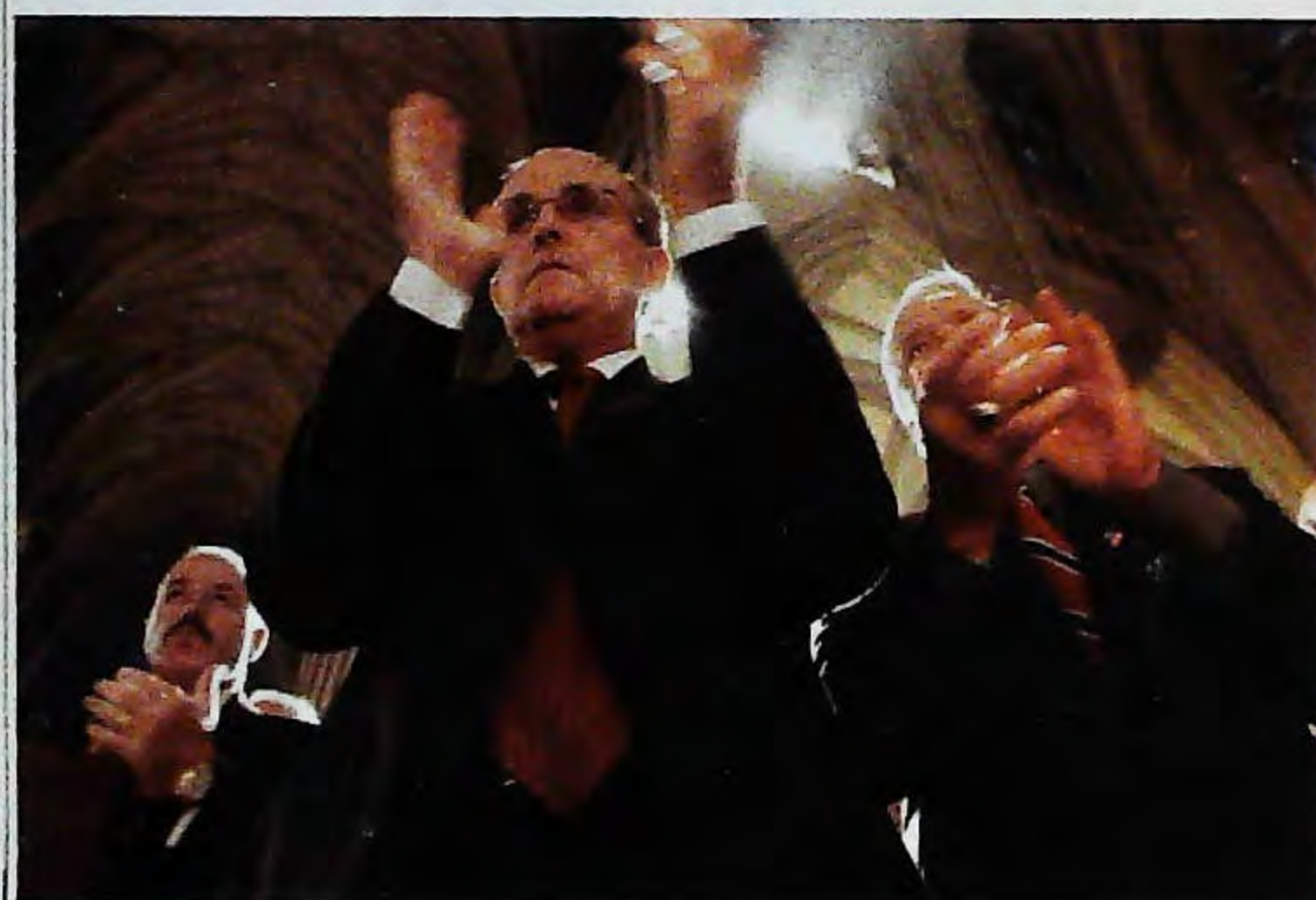
Commanding and compassionate, Mayor Rudy Giuliani bravely leads his city through its darkest hour

One hundred twenty-six hours after terrorists cut a hellish hole in his city, Mayor Rudy Giuliani put on a black tuxedo, tucked a white rose in his left lapel, slipped on black penny loafers and kept a solemn promise. He was in the St. James Lutheran Church in Brooklyn's Gerritsen Beach, not far from where he was raised in rough-and-tumble Flatbush, for the Sept. 16 wedding of Diane Gorumba, 23, to police officer Michael Ferrito, 31.



AMERICA'S SPIRIT

Giuliani kept a promise by escorting Diane Gorrumba at her Sept. 16 wedding in Brooklyn.



"He has been inspirational," says Police Commissioner Bernard Kerik (left, with the mayor at a Sept. 16 service).

Giuliani had vowed to walk the bride down the aisle in place of her brother Michael, a New York City firefighter killed in a three-alarm fire on Aug. 28. Despite the extraordinary events of the previous week, he kept that promise. "It was absolutely beautiful, these two young people who are very much in love," says Giuliani, who stayed after the service greeting guests and posing for wedding pictures. "I'm trying to get the city, and I think it's succeeding, to focus on the good parts of life."

One of the good things about the city in the days since the downing of the World Trade towers has been Rudolph Giuliani himself. Long a larger-than-life figure but lately a man battered by a bout with cancer and a bitter, ongoing di-

voice, Giuliani, 57, has emerged as a symbol of strength and hope for New York and, indeed, the nation. Stalwart and defiant yet consoling and utterly human, Giuliani has at once orchestrated massive relief efforts, comforted a terrified citizenry and re-established a sense of order and even optimism. "He is the right man at the right time," says former New York City Police Commissioner William Bratton, who was driven out of office by the mayor in 1996. "He is incredibly smart, and he is able to focus very clearly and absorb lots of information. The worse the crisis, the calmer he gets in his public appearance."

Giuliani's sternly reassuring presence—on the early-morning TV shows, at press conferences and memorial services, in frequent visits to the smoky rubble of the towers—has led to talk that he is upstaging President George W. Bush, who, it seems, has been slower to find his voice in the face of the shocking devastation. "Winston Churchill in a Yankees cap," *The Washington Post* dubbed the lame-duck mayor; "Our President Shows That He's No Giuliani," blared the headline of a New York *Newsday* column. And David Letterman, who resumed his Manhattan-based CBS show Sept. 17, movingly praised the mayor as "the personification of courage." Indeed, the qualities that made Giuliani so many enemies during his eight years in office—arrogance, industrial-strength ego and a tendency to bully people—have been superseded by a pure resolve to figure out what is best for the city and to get it done. "He alienated a lot of people by being petty, but that has all been wiped out," says former New York City Mayor Ed Koch, a frequent critic. "He has undone all the bad things that have taken a toll on him by his magnificent performance during this catastrophe."

To be sure, there have been some vintage Rudy moments: the mayor scolding ill-informed journalists, threatening



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DOUG MILLS/AN

scam artists and almost daring potential looters to, in effect, make his day. But there have also been surprising displays of tenderness, such as his hug with onetime Senate rival Hillary Rodham Clinton and his exhausted, emotional embrace with New York Gov. George Pataki, another former adversary, at a mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral. The mayor, who lost several friends in the collapse of the towers, says he is "in absolute awe of the incredible strength of the people of this city. I have seen the worst things I've ever seen in my life, and I have seen the best." Says his good friend Elliot Cuker: "Rudy has a very deep connection to people who are hurt and wounded. It gives him a tremendous amount of inner strength to know he is helping people, and that is what sustains him."

everything in his power to destroy you politically."

Then, after hinting last year he would challenge Hillary Clinton for a Senate seat, Giuliani revealed in April 2000 that he had prostate cancer and would not run. He fought the disease with drugs and radiation, and it is under control. But he lost public sympathy when his affair with Judi Nathan, 46, became known and his 17-year marriage to former Fox News correspondent Donna Hanover, 51—with whom he has a son, Andrew, 15, and daughter, Caroline, 12—dissolved in a hail of insults and recriminations. This July Giuliani moved out of the mayoral residence and is staying with friends while divorce proceedings continue.

Yet the mayor's soap-opera summer now seems a distant memory. He slept not at all in the first 48 hours after the attacks and has had only a few hours a night since then, typically attending several meetings and press conferences a day and turning up at every memorial service for fallen cops and firefighters. "You just get up and do it," he says. "You find that you don't want to sleep; you want to get up and do things that have to be done. If I can get three or four hours in a row, I'm in good shape."

It seems clear he will not rest until the city he loves is in good shape too. His term as mayor runs out at the end of the year, and after that he seems a shoo-in for some higher office, perhaps even in the Bush Administration. "If he were running now, he would sweep the election," says Koch. "And that's any office in the State of New York." For now, Giuliani, his image refurbished and his rough edges smoothed by a new humanity, seeks only to see New York City up on its feet again. "You have to concentrate on the good things," he insists. "Life presents as many opportunities for happiness as it does for tragedy." ●

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Devastated families
gain comfort by honoring their
courageous loved ones

THOSE THEY LOST

The 5,813 victims—bankers, busboys, firefighters, emergency medical workers, an 80-year-old engineer—were as diverse as America itself. As the first week passed, many of their families and friends sought solace by preserving memories, helping in relief efforts or by the simple, defiant act of doing exactly what the terrorists most hoped to prevent: carrying on and leading normal lives.

Ruth McCourt, 45, Juliana McCourt, 4, Paige Hackel, 46

A mother, her daughter and her best friend perish in two jets that crashed into the World Trade Center, while in a building below her brother survives

Computer software sales director Ron Clifford had just arrived for a business meeting in the Marriott Hotel at the base of the World Trade towers when he heard the explosion. Stumbling through the haze, he saw a woman emerge from a revolving door, her skin charred. "She said, 'Holy Virgin, Mother of God, help me,'" says Clifford, 46, a native of Ireland who

emigrated in 1984. As he led the injured woman through the chaos to an ambulance, Clifford says he was guided by a single thought: "What would Ruth do?"

Sadly he'll never have the chance to ask. In the course of phone calls with friends and family to tell them he had escaped unharmed, Clifford gradually came to a devastating real-



Ruth and Juliana were inseparable.

Ron (right) grieves with his mother, Paula Clifford Scott, and half brother Spencer Scott.

ization: His sister Ruth and her daughter Juliana had been on Flight 175 when it crashed into 2 World Trade, ending their lives just floors away from where his own was spared. In another cruel coincidence, Ruth's best friend and Juliana's godmother, Paige Hackel, had been traveling on Flight 11, the plane that plowed into Tower 1.

On the day of the crash, the two friends left from Logan Airport bound for a conference on spirituality at the [Deepak] Chopra Center for Well-Being in La Jolla, Calif., taking separate flights 15 minutes apart: Hackel flew first class on American; Ruth wanted to use her United Airlines frequent flier miles. "I kissed them all goodbye at 6 a.m., and off they went," says Paige's husband, Allan Hackel, "to their doom, their assassination, their murder."

Friends say Ruth, a former model who emigrated to the U.S. from her native County Cork in 1973, loved fashion and decorating her home. She was also a spiritual woman to whom they often turned for advice. "She was magnetic, she was beautiful, and everybody loved to be around her," says her husband, David McCourt, 58. On Sept. 15 a thousand people gathered for a memorial service at St. Matthias Catholic Church in East Lyme near the McCourt's Connecticut home.

But Ruth's family insists that the gathering will not stand as her final remembrance. David has already announced plans to begin a fund dedicated to the memory of his wife and daughter, the Juliana Valentine McCourt Children's Education Fund, to teach children to live without hate. "Juliana was taught love," he says. "We want to teach others how to resolve conflict peacefully."

Clifford, too, believes his sister's legacy will live on. He has since learned that the woman he helped rescue, Jennie Maffeo, while in critical condition, is still alive. "I totally believe in fate," he says. "There's an extraordinary force between siblings, and I feel my sister had some part in keeping me alive. I feel she led the way out for me."



W.D. JOHNSON/AP



COURTESY MARIANI FAMILY

The Marianis were to meet in L.A.

Louis Neil Mariani, 59

The bride's stepfather dies on a hijacked plane, but the wedding—a defiant celebration of life—goes on

Like countless mothers of brides, Ellen Mariani smiled until her cheeks ached as she posed for wedding pictures with her daughter Gina, 25, and newly minted son-in-law Christopher Bronley, 22, on Saturday, Sept. 15.

But for Mariani, 63, the smiles were particularly difficult to conjure and the picture incomplete. Four days earlier her husband had died aboard United Airlines Flight 175 when it crashed into the World Trade Center's Tower 2. Originally, Louis Neil Mariani, who retired from his job as a sales coordinator at a Charlestown, Mass., milk company last year, didn't think he could



"We're trying to be strong," says Gina Bronley (center, with mom Ellen and husband Christopher).

afford to go to his stepdaughter's wedding. It was only after Ellen raised \$400 through yard sales that he booked a last-minute fare, gloating that it was cheaper than her ticket on a different airline. On Sept. 11 the couple—who were introduced by a mutual friend in 1987 and wed the following year—left their Derry, N.H., home together and parted at Boston's Logan Airport. "He looked so cute," Ellen recalls. "He said, 'I'll see you when I get there,' and he gave me a kiss."

She heard about the crash while awaiting a connecting flight in Chicago. "The clocks stopped in my head," she says. Yet it was Ellen who convinced her daughter that the wedding should go on. (She managed to get on a flight to Los Angeles the day before the ceremony.) "I want to show people: Don't be scared," she says. "I think I've done enough crying. No one is going to stop me from living and being free."

Howard Lutnick, 40

His life spared, the Cantor Fitzgerald CEO resolves to care for the families of the 700 employees he lost

With both of his parents deceased by the time he was 18, Howard Lutnick became the man of the house, helping raise his brother Gary, then 14, with his sister Edie, 20. Now, as head of a company that lost 700 of its 1,000 New York City-based employees—including Gary—in Tower 1, Lutnick is again struggling to support those close to him after a tragedy. "We have a new class of partners here," he tearfully told *The New York Times*. "These families."

Immediately Lutnick—who was late to work Tuesday morning after taking his 5-year-old son to school—set up a help center at a Midtown hotel for the families and friends of staffers. He also gave the phone number of the Manhattan home he shares with wife Allison to every one of them. He then set up a Cantor Fitzgerald relief fund for families of all World Trade Center victims and personally donated \$1 million. "He expects loyalty and he gives loyalty," says Cantor Fitzgerald partner David Kravette, who was in the lobby when the plane hit. "We were all young people with new families, starting out, buying new houses. We know each other's lives."

Two days after the disaster, at the urging of his remaining staff, Lutnick reopened his company's bond-trading systems at a temporary office. Once he was known as one of Wall Street's more ruthless CEOs. At age 34, he gained control of Cantor Fitzgerald only after a bruising legal battle with the wife of his former mentor, who was then in declining health. But now Lutnick says he has found a new sense of purpose. "My view of business is different," he told ABC's *Good Morning America*. "We've got to make our company able to take care of my 700 families."



JEFF CHRISTENSEN/REUTERS



DOUG M. HARRIS/STANISLAW

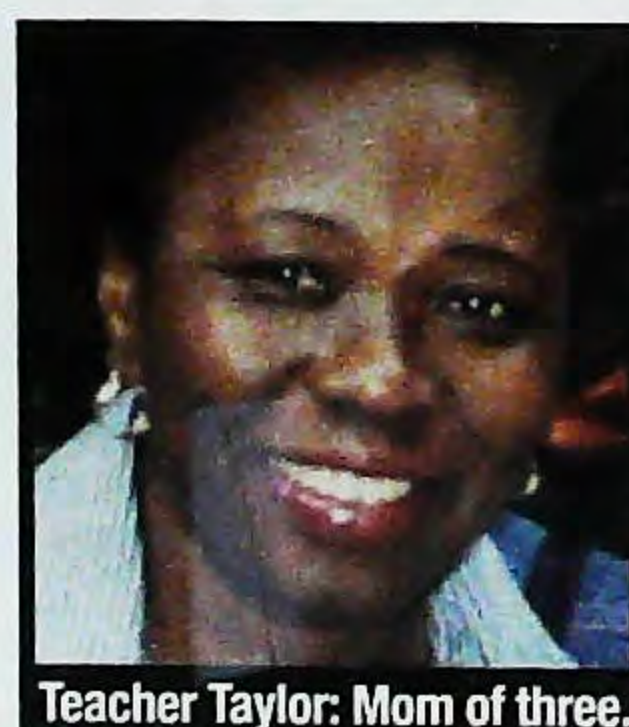
"I want to give more," said Lutnick (at his firm's help center).



"You saw the potential in him," says Bernard Brown Sr. (at home in D.C. with wife Sinita) of their son.



Brown loved to sketch.



Teacher Taylor: Mom of three.

Bernard Brown Jr., 11

The family and schoolmates of a D.C. sixth grader mourn an honor student and seek inspiration from his dreams

After the attack on the Pentagon, Sinita Brown's phone started ringing with calls from family and friends asking if her husband was safe. She reassured them that Chief Petty Officer Bernard Brown, a 17-year Navy veteran and information systems technician at the Pentagon, had been on a golf outing that morning and was out of harm's way.

Then, as TV news identified the American Airlines jet that had struck the building, Sinita, 38, learned the awful



"Bernard was like a brother to me," wrote one Leckie Elementary student.

truth. "It wasn't big Bernard," she says. "It was little Bernard." Earlier Sinita had dropped off Bernard Jr. and his teacher Hilda Taylor, 62, at Dulles International Airport for a National Geographic Society-sponsored educational trip to a marine sanctuary off Santa Barbara, Calif. Along with two other top-performing sixth graders and their teachers from inner-city Washington, D.C., public schools, Bernard Jr. was on Flight 77. By the time Sinita reached her husband at a friend's home, both knew their son was lost. "He was my man," says Bernard Sr., 36, holding his wife's hand in the townhouse they share with daughter Courtney, 7, on D.C.'s Bolling Air Force Base. "He was a strong kid."

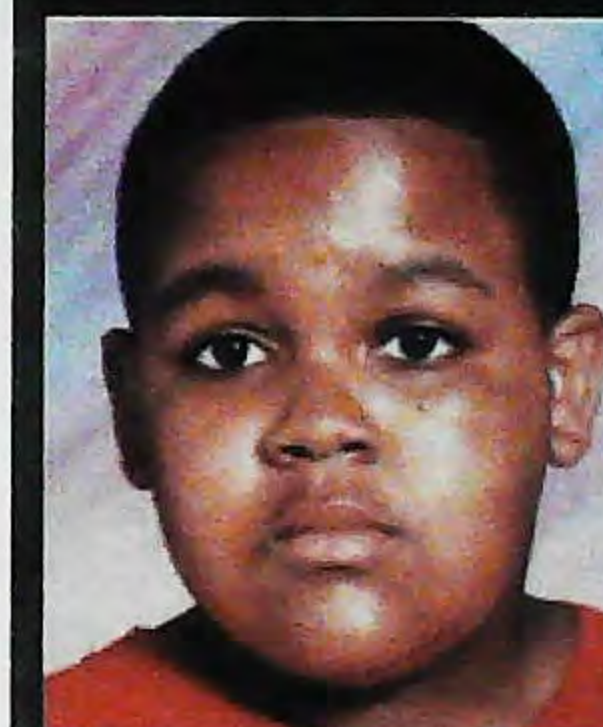
The next day tested Bernard Sr.'s endurance even further. At the military's family center in Crystal City, Va., he insisted on notifying the families of victims on his staff. "I had to call the parents of a young man," he says. "I was his supervisor, and he used to tell his parents about me." Only then could he really begin to mourn Bernard Jr., an avid basketball player whose newfound maturity had made his parents proud. "He used to think he was too smart to study," says his dad. Leckie Elementary School principal Clementine Homesley saw in Bernard Jr. a reflection of his father's military bearing. "He had to have every strand of hair in place and his shirt tucked in," she says. "The girls all loved him."

Outside, the school's marquee lauds Bernard Jr. and teacher Taylor, a Sierra Leone-born grandmother, as "Our Angelic Heroes." Homesley has been heartened by support from schools as far away as St. Louis, where pupils asked to be matched with pen pals from Leckie. The D.C.

school system has created a memorial fund, with donations earmarked for academic and extracurricular programs like the ones the six victims enjoyed. The family of Asia Cottom, another student on the flight, has started a fund to buy computer equipment for her school. Taylor and Bernard Jr., says Homesley, "wanted the future to be bright and knowledge-filled. The best way we can honor them is to carry on and keep their dreams alive."

Pride of a City's Classrooms

One crash claimed three teachers and three exceptional pupils. Their legacy? Learning



Rodney Dickens, 11



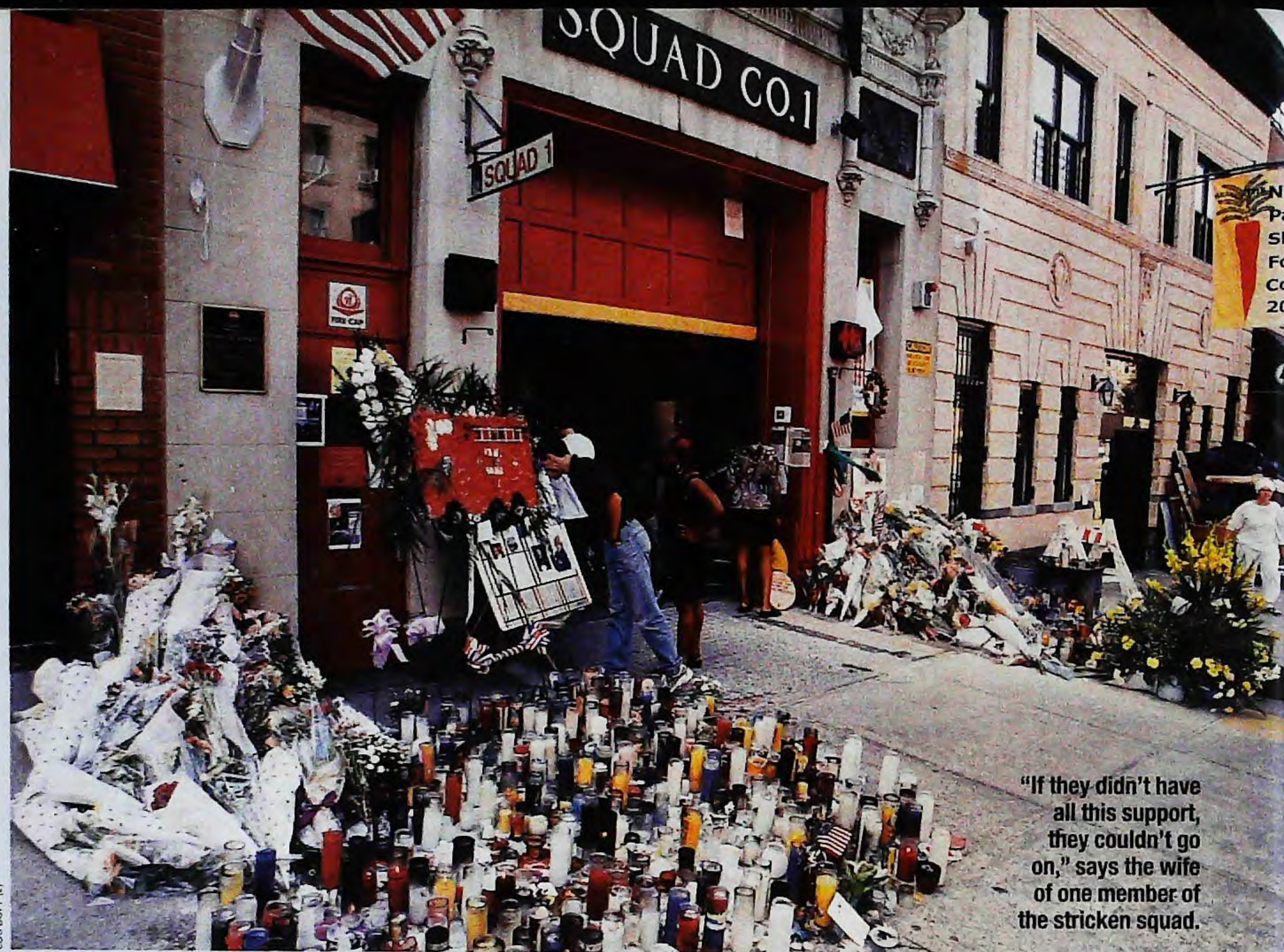
Sarah Clark, 65



Asia Cottom, 11



James Debeuneura, 58



"If they didn't have all this support, they couldn't go on," says the wife of one member of the stricken squad.

Honoring the Fallen, Comforting Their Friends

Brooklyn's Squad One

A neighborhood outpouring helps comfort the families of missing firefighters

The World Trade Center was not even visible from the streets of Park Slope in Brooklyn, but the tragedy of the fallen towers has deeply touched this tree-shaded neighborhood four miles away. Eleven of the 30 firefighters stationed at the Squad One firehouse on Union Street are missing, and one has been confirmed dead. But none of the firefighters will be forgotten—not if the people of Park Slope can help it.

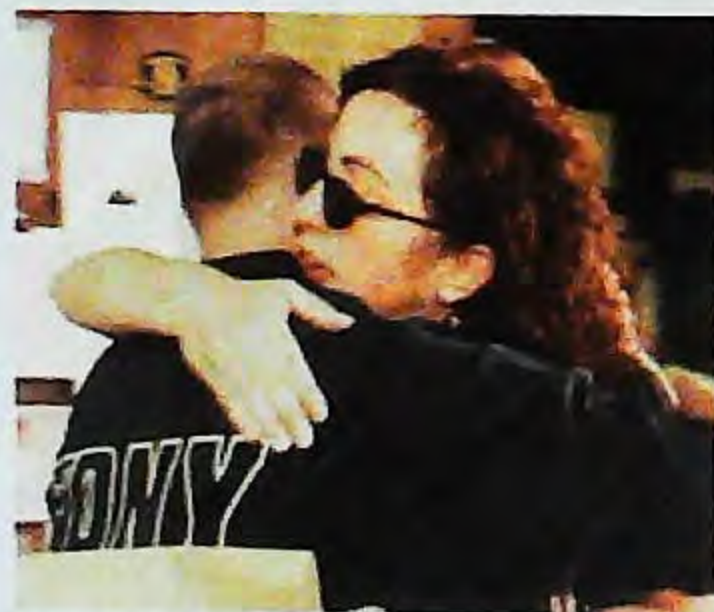
In a scene repeated at fire stations throughout the city, well-wishers have inundated the squad's headquarters with cards, candles and flowers. In Park Slope the tributes reflect an especially deep bond. An estimated 5,000 supporters turned out for a Friday-night vigil and donations of everything from Band-Aids and bagels to clothing and cell phones are pouring in. "Over the weekend people were bringing in trays of lasagna, cold cuts, fruit baskets, buckets of soup. We've got a whole turkey back there that no one

has touched yet," says fireman Bob West, 45, who works in Park Slope but lives in Massapequa on Long Island. "It's an incredible feeling."

Even neighborhood schoolkids pitched in, organizing a sale of toys, CDs and dolls that netted \$253.08 for the firefighters fund. Says Kathy Spiess, 42, whose fireman husband, Billy, 43, is among the Squad One survivors: "I know I'm speaking for all of the wives. We are overwhelmed by the support."

For gymnastics teacher Marian Fontana, 35, whose husband, Dave, 37, is still missing, the experience has been particularly moving. Dave was a community stalwart

known for bringing his squad's ladder truck to neighborhood block parties. "Complete strangers have been coming up to me and saying, 'I don't know you,' and hugging me," says Marian from the small apartment the Fontanas rent a few blocks from the firehouse. Recently she and Dave (they have one son, Aidan, 5) contemplated moving out and buying a home in a less expensive neighborhood. "Boy, am I glad I didn't move," Marian now says. "These people have really been keeping me going."



Her husband missing, Marian Fontana stops by every day.

Ray Downey, 63

Fellow firefighters gave him the nickname God

Battalion Chief of Special Operations Ray Downey was due to retire next September. But he nixed that idea after learning that his son Joe, 39, a captain in the department, might be made a chief. "They would have been the first father and son chiefs in the department's history," says his daughter Marie Tortorici, 37. Instead, each day after the disaster, Joe worked on the site with his brothers Chuck, 35, a lieutenant in the department, and Ray, 33, a physical education teacher, clinging to a fading hope of finding their father alive. "I picture him in some void below, barking out orders," says Chuck. "The possibilities are endless with him."

Indeed, Downey was New York City's most decorated firefighter, earning him the nickname God among his troops. In 1995 he led a team of New York's Bravest to assist in the rescue effort in Oklahoma City. And as recently as July Mayor Giuliani presented him with a glass apple from Tiffany to celebrate 40 years of service. After the first

plane crashed, Downey met with the mayor and other top fire officials to orchestrate an evacuation. He was last seen in the lobby of the north tower before it collapsed. "If my father was to go, this is the way he would go," says Tortorici. "I think this was his destiny. He lived and breathed the fire department."



Downey was once a Marine.

Thomas Foley, 32

One of PEOPLE's Most Eligible Bachelors, he gave his heart to firefighting

He loved motorcycles and bull-riding. "Anything that gives you a test here on earth, that makes you feel alive," Thomas Foley told PEOPLE when he appeared in our inaugural issue of eligible bachelors in July 2000. Though his looks led to stints as an extra on *Third Watch* and *The Sopranos*, the country music fan and power-lifting champ from Nyack, N.Y., had no intention of abandoning the career he'd dreamed of since he was 13. "It's the best job in the world," he said. "I wouldn't trade it for anything."

Foley's shift at his Bronx stationhouse ended at 9 a.m. on Sept. 11, but when the call came, he put his boots back on and headed south. The unflinching response was typical of Foley: Last year Mayor Giuliani presented him with a medal for saving a man from a burning building; he was also honored for his daring rescue of two con-



Foley (in '00) was settling into a house he bought last year.

struction workers when a scaffold collapsed in 1999. After that incident Foley called his mom to say he was safe. A week after the World Trade tragedy, his family was still waiting and praying. Says his sister Joanne, 34: "We're trying to do what Tom would want us to do."

Peter J. Ganci Jr., 54

A general in the trenches, he put his team's safety first

Coaching his sons' Little League team, Peter Ganci Jr. never showed favoritism. "Coaches' kids always get the best positions," says Chris Ganci, 25. "Not us." Nor was the father of Chris, a pharmaceutical sales rep, Peter, 27, a firefighter, and Danielle, 22, a student, comfortable with the rank and power that came with being New York City Fire Chief. "He wouldn't tell you he was a five-star chief of department," says Chris. "He would say, 'I'm a New York City fireman.'"

Yet no one was surprised when the easygoing Ganci, who loved golf and hanging out at firehouses telling war stories, arrived at the scene and quickly took charge. He led people to cover after the first tower fell, then, in chok-

ing dust, hustled firefighters north to safety. "His decision saved so many lives," says Rev. John Delendick, 52, a fire chaplain. Later a witness told Chris that his father was still rescuing people when the second tower collapsed. "He had a person in his hand," says Chris. "Even at the very end he was helping someone."



Ganci became chief in 1999.

AMERICA'S SPIRIT



"He will be watching us," Mayor Giuliani said at Judge's funeral.

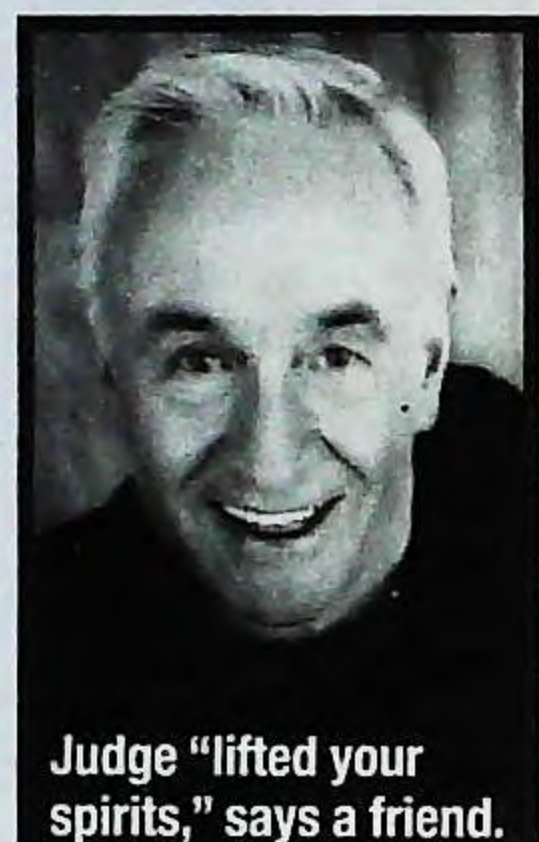
Father Mychal Judge, 68

The beloved fire department chaplain died as he lived, tending to his flock

On the morning of Sept. 11, a friar ran into Father Mychal Judge's room at the St. Francis of Assisi friary on Manhattan's 31st St. "I think they need you," was all he said. Judge "put his uniform on, but he did take time to comb and spray his hair," said his friend, the Rev. Michael Duffy, provoking affectionate laughter among the congregation of some 3,000 who gathered for Judge's funeral on Sept. 15.

As the New York fire department chaplain since 1992, the 68-year-old Franciscan priest had heeded many such calls, from helping Chinese immigrants whose ship washed up on the shores of Rockaway Beach in 1993 to comforting relatives of those who died in the 1996 explosion of TWA Flight 800. To many city firefighters he was as familiar as their uniforms. "He loved New York," says a friend. And New Yorkers loved Judge, who seemed to be everywhere in the city, helping run a bread line and officiating at countless baptisms, weddings and funerals. "He was a priest for all people," says Father Brian Jordan. "He worked with the poor and the police and AIDS patients and the firemen."

Judge found his calling growing up in Depression-era Brooklyn, the second of three children of Michael Judge and Mary Fallon. After joining the Franciscan order in 1956, he worked as assistant to the president of Siena College in Loudonville, N.Y., and ministered at three churches in New Jersey before making his home at St. Francis of Assisi. He was administering last rites to a fireman when he was struck and killed by falling debris. As many as 300 rescue workers may have died in the disaster. Says firefighter David Fullam, 38: "I just think God wanted somebody to lead the guys to heaven."



Judge "lifted your spirits," says a friend.

Daniel Lee, 34

A new daughter, born two days after his death, brings his widow strength

Kellie Lee spent Tuesday praying that her husband, Dan—never a morning person—had missed American Airlines Flight 11 from Boston to L.A. A carpenter for the Backstreet Boys, he was determined to get home to his wife, who was scheduled to give birth to their second child by cesarean section two days later. When Dan called at 2 a.m. Tuesday morning, "he said, 'I love you, I'll be home soon,'" recalls Kellie, 32.

At 10 a.m. Wednesday, her fears were confirmed: An airline representative called to tell her Dan had died aboard the first plane to hit the World Trade Center. "I begged her to defer the birth, but she insisted on going forward," says Dr. Peter Rubenstein, 57, who delivered 8-lb. 11-oz. Allison Danielle, named for her father, at 8:10 a.m. Sept. 13. "I think the impact of having a child and strong family support has helped her hold up." Says Kellie: "Dan would have been holding my hand with an ear-to-ear grin."

The couple met in 1992 in an Encino, Calif., bar, where Kellie was a cocktail waitress and Dan was a struggling musician. They wed in 1995 and baby Amanda arrived four years later. Though hardworking, Dan, who had traveled as a carpenter with bands since the mid-1990s, left no life insurance and little savings, so the Backstreet Boys are "raising money for his wife and family," says Leighanne Wallace, the wife of band member Brian Littrell. Meanwhile, Kellie, who plans to move to Erie, Pa., where her family lives, struggles with what to tell Amanda, who insists "Daddy will be back in five minutes." She says she'll build her life on one thought: "I know Dan would want me to be strong and raise his daughters well." •



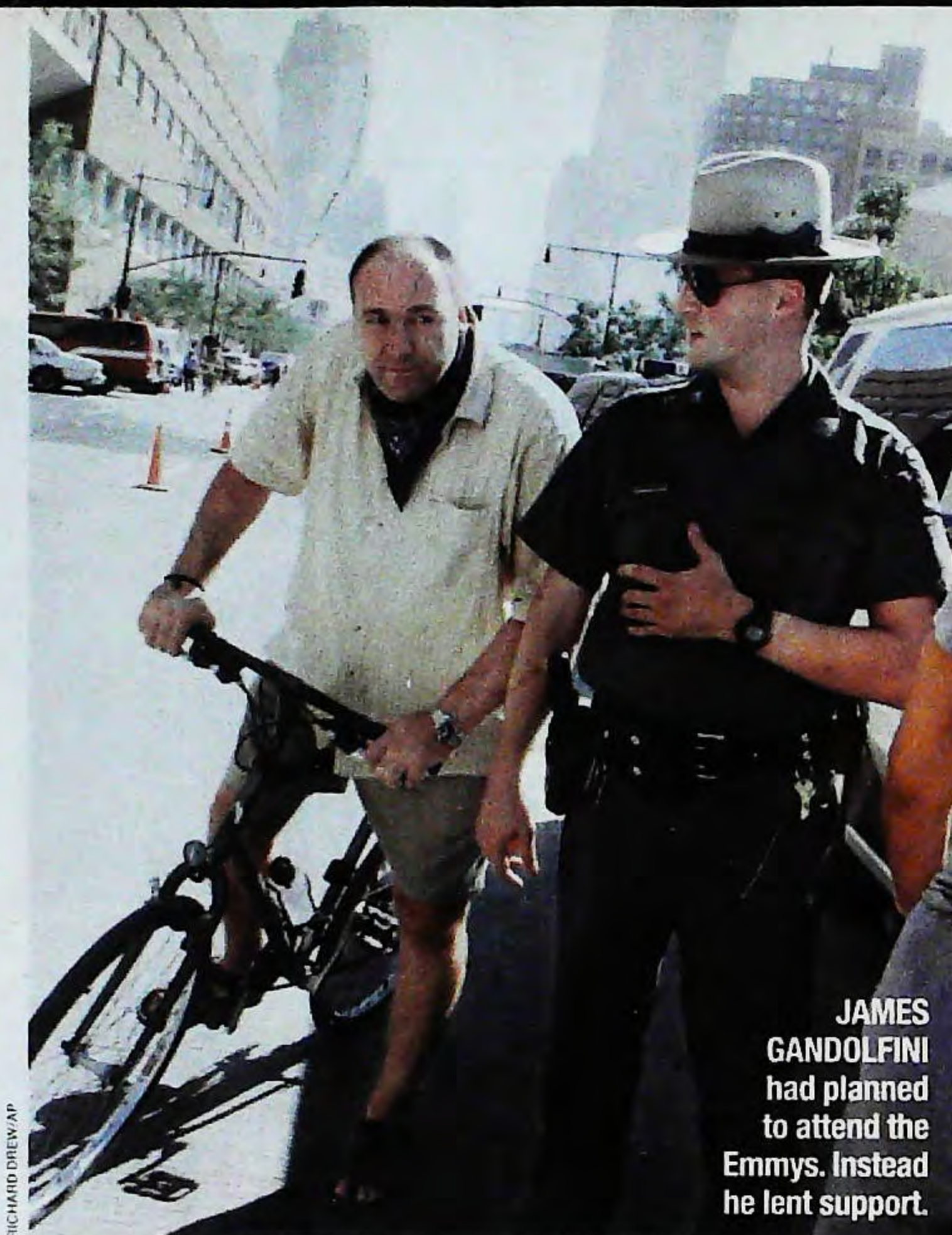
"Dan had great humor," says Kellie (in '97).



"I'm so happy she's here," says Kellie (with newborn Allison). "But I wish Dan was too."

STELLAR EFFORT

Celebs shed their starring roles to join a relief ensemble



JAMES GANDOLFINI had planned to attend the Emmys. Instead he lent support.

Actor Steve Buscemi is often found performing slightly off-center supporting roles in explosion-filled films like *Con Air* and *Armageddon*, but on the day after terrorists attacked the United States, he was playing a part he found even more familiar: New York

City firefighter. Buscemi, who from 1980 to 1985 worked in downtown Manhattan's Engine Company 55, a few blocks from the disaster, rejoined his former comrades amid the wreckage. "He put in 60 hours on top of the pile, pulling out victims," says retired NYFD battalion chief Richard Ardisson, 56, who was at the site with the 43-year-old actor. "Not delivering coffee or giving moral support. He was exhausted and covered in soot." Buscemi declined to speak to reporters. Explains Ardisson: "He said he wanted no recognition. He said, 'These are my brothers.'"

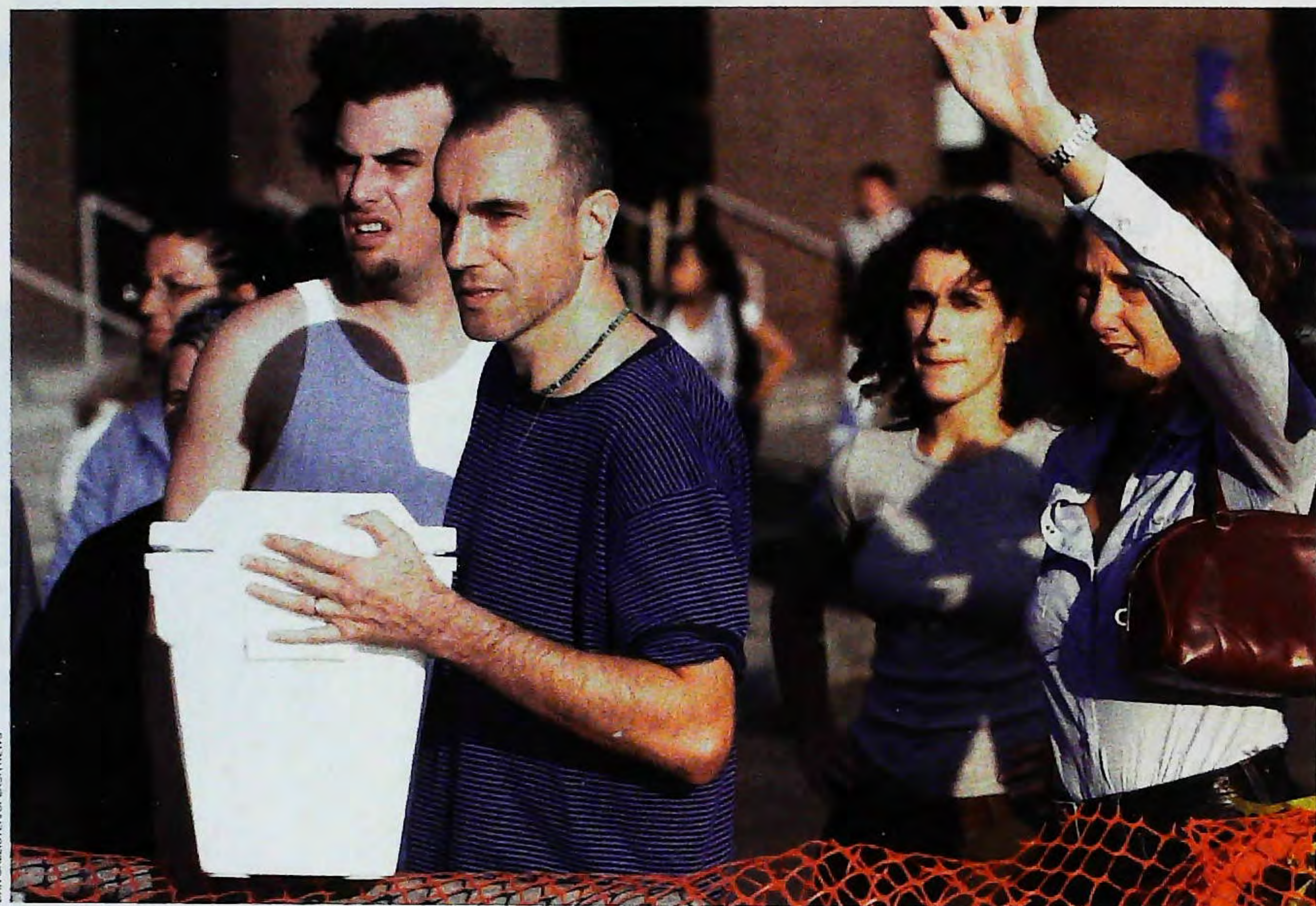
If the disaster area seemed like a grim parody of an action movie set, the effect was heightened when celebrities, stripped of makeup and flattering lighting, rolled up their sleeves and went to work. Kathleen Turner showed up unannounced at St. Vincent's Hospital, where many casualties were taken, and immediately became a field marshal for the city's caregiving troops. The same hospital also got volunteer support from actors Aidan Quinn and Daniel Day-Lewis, who lugged ice for chilling blood. "I was feeling so helpless watching the TV," says Quinn. "I wanted to feel useful."

Survivor I cast member Sean Kenniff, a neurologist (and son of a retired New York City firefighter) who trained at St. Vincent's,



KATHLEEN TURNER served as a dispatcher at St. Vincent's Hospital, directing supplies to the proper departments.

AMERICA'S SPIRIT



DANIEL DAY-LEWIS, delivering ice, told reporters, "This whole situation is so awful, it cannot be described in words."

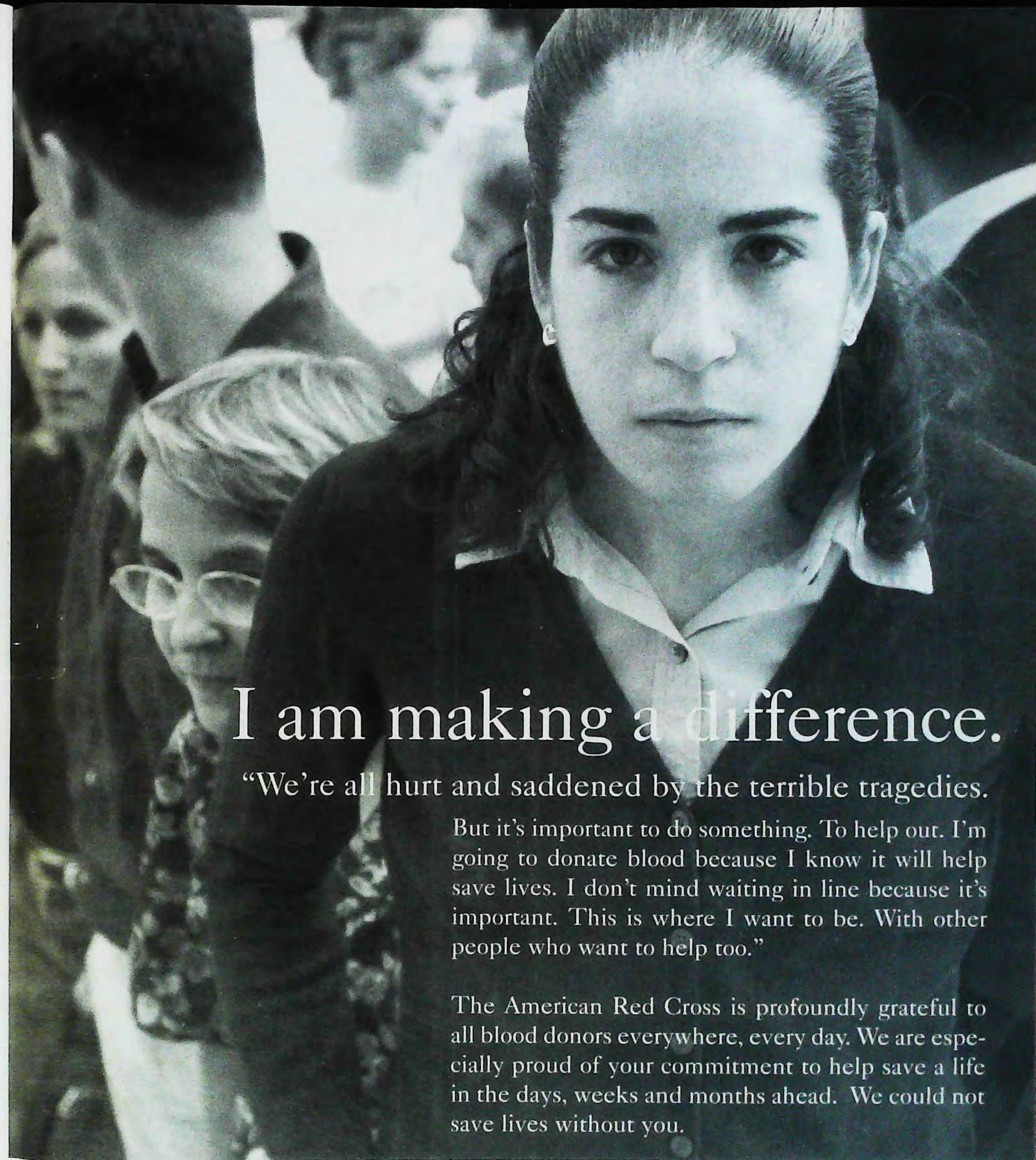


MARCIA GAY HARDEN, on Fifth Avenue, passed out leaflets announcing a candlelight vigil in memory of those who died.

volunteered there but says, "The sad truth is that there were very, very few wounded coming in." Kenniff headed instead to a makeshift hospital set up on the Hudson River. "We had everything you needed to treat people," Kenniff reports poignantly, "but the people never arrived."

Some of those people were friends of Denis Leary's. After losing a cousin and a friend in the Worcester, Mass., arson fire of 1999, Leary had started up a firefighters charity that introduced him to dozens of members of the NYFD. "A couple of guys I know are still missing," says Leary, who coincidentally also was a friend of Garnet "Ace" Bailey's, the L.A. Kings hockey scout who died on United Flight 175 when it crashed into the south tower. Leary, a hockey nut, originally met Bailey, a former Boston Bruins player, at a charity match. "When he walked into a room," Leary says, "you knew you were going to hear at least two or three funny stories." The Leary Firefighters Foundation Fund for New York's Bravest got started with a check for more than \$100,000 from the actor.

Not far north of the site, after staging his Madison Square Garden return and family reunion, Michael Jackson pledged to raise



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"We're all hurt and saddened by the terrible tragedies.

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AMERICA'S SPIRIT



\$50 million with an all-star "We Are the World"-style ballad to be called "What More Can I Give?" At the same time, his sister Janet Jackson, who was in Florida, focused on their family. Dozens of relatives, flown in for the event, needed to be calmed. An agent who represents stylists in Los Angeles, Margaret Maldonado, Jermaine's ex-girlfriend and mother of his sons Jeremy, 14, and Jordan, 12, was concerned for their safety. "Janet took charge," says Maldonado, explaining that the star chartered a bus to take about 30 relatives back to the West Coast. Another celebrity worried about family was Regis Philbin; his son Dan, 36, who was born with a muscular disorder and later had his legs amputated, works in the public affairs office of the Pentagon. But the younger Philbin's office was on the opposite side of the building from the plane crash, and he escaped unharmed.

One fashion designer, Cynthia Rowley, treated her company like family. In town for the spring fashion shows, she says, "I took as many people as I could from the company on Tuesday and we went to my house in Upstate New York. It was like a bunker. Fourteen people and four dogs." But three days later she was back in the city to organize clothing donations. "Vigils are nice," Rowley says, "and I've been holding a private vigil for the last three days, but right now getting necessities to people seems to be the most important thing." Fellow designers Kenneth Cole,

Ralph Lauren, Tommy Hilfinger, Calvin Klein and others donated thousands of articles of clothing.

A continent away, grieving hit close to home for the cast and crew of *Frasier*. The show's producer David Angell and his wife, Lynn, died on American Flight 11, the hijacked plane that pierced the north tower. "We shall mourn their

JASON SEHORN and fellow Giants packed supplies in Jersey City for delivery to Ground Zero.



CHELSEA and BILL CLINTON met with rescue workers and comforted families searching for news of lost loved ones at the Lexington Avenue Armory.

AMERICA'S SPIRIT

STEVE BUSCEMI
(at a New York City party in April) rejoined his old engine company. "This is his family," said one firefighter.



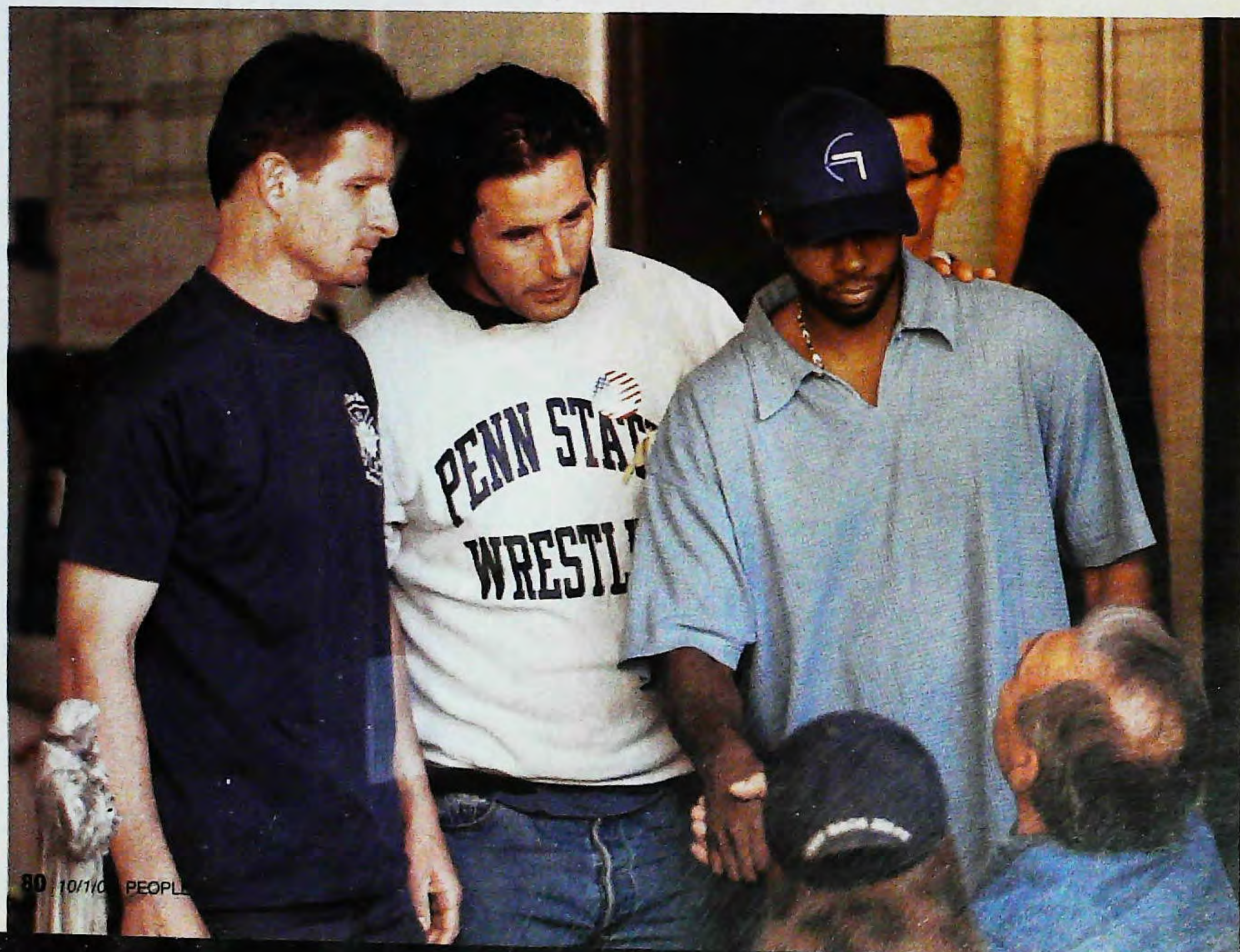
BILLY BALDWIN
(center) and New York Knick Charlie Ward (right) joined firefighter Stephen Kelly to console families.

deaths," says the show's star Kelsey Grammer, "as we continue the business of living." A business that has become significantly harder. "Everybody was numb," recalls the show's assistant director Katy Garretson.

It's a world that, in the months ahead, may increasingly ask celebrity citizens to use their gifts to voice a nation's sorrow. Patrick Stewart, whose son and daughter-in-law live in an apartment just 200 yards from the World Trade Center but were in England at the time, delivered a reading at a memorial service in his home county of Yorkshire, England. One of the works he read was an essay called "Dream," by J.B. Priestley, who wrote in 1956 that he had imagined standing on a high tower watching birds who suddenly burst into white flame. "I knew that this white flame was life itself," Priestley concluded. "What I had thought was tragedy was mere emptiness or a shadow show; for now all real feeling was caught and purified and danced on ecstatically with the white flame of life."

The Great White Way flickered back to life quickly. Movie stars moonlighting on Broadway felt it was important to get back on the boards. Says Tom Selleck, who resumed performing in

MARK MANZING PICTURES



LAWRENCE SCHWARTZ/ALDO SLASH NEWS

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We at PEOPLE are deeply saddened by the tragic events of September 11. Our hearts are with those whose lives were lost and we join with all of America to support their families and friends. Together we will find strength in each other's courage.

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New York, NY 10008

September 11th Fund
United Way of New York City
2 Park Avenue
New York, NY 10016

N.Y. Fraternal Order of Police Fund
c/o Robert Lucente
911 Police Plaza
Hicksville, NY 11801

The Survivors' Fund
c/o the Community Foundation
for the National Capital Region
1112 16th Street, NW, Suite 340
Washington, DC 20036

International Association of Fire Fighters
1750 New York Avenue NW
Washington, DC 20006

Twin Towers Fund
General Post Office
P.O. Box 26999
New York, NY 10087-6999

Salvation Army National Corp
P.O. Box 269
615 Slaters Lane
Alexandria, VA 22313

Helping.org

AMERICA'S SPIRIT

A *Thousand Clowns* two days after the attack: "As soon as I knew [the request] was coming from the mayor, I felt we had to go on. It's not as important as unpiling rubble. But it's what we know how to do, and can do." At the close of the show, Selleck read a brief statement in response to the tragedy, as did Valerie Harper, starring in *The Tale of the Allergist's Wife*, a comedy that contained some references to terrorism that had to be altered. (The line "You really are some kind of terrorist" was changed to "You really are some kind of shakedown artist.") Audience members thanked Harper afterward. "They really needed to laugh," she says, "because their hearts had been so heavy." The mood turned more overtly patriotic, however, at Broadway's hottest show, *The Producers*, when stars Nathan Lane, who had to evacuate his TriBeCa apartment near the site, and Matthew Broderick, who lives close enough to have seen one of the buildings collapse, closed the evening by leading the audience in "God Bless America."

It was one of many songs that took on new resonance. Radio stations began inserting snippets from news broadcasts into such recordings as Kenny Rogers's ballad "Beautiful (All That



MICHAEL STEPHEN/STA



PHIL REINMAN/FLASH NEWS

RUPERT EVERETT (with downtown restaurant owner Nicky Perry) distributed food to the rescue workers.

PRINCE ANDREW joined **SARAH FERGUSON** and daughters Beatrice (left) and Eugenie in London.

You Could Be)." Rogers himself was surprised to hear the remix of the song ("You don't know how beautiful you are/ If your eyes could see the love that's in your heart/ Then you would know what everybody sees") and downloaded it from a Web site. "I was amazed at how well it suited the situation," says Rogers of the ballad, written to celebrate the beauty in each person. The singer wasn't certain he wanted to go on with a planned performance in Oklahoma City two days after the attack, but he says organizers told him, "Of all places in the world, in Oklahoma City we don't want to be held captive. We want to be entertained."

Some other performers had to speak out: Madonna, who wore an American-flag skirt at her Los Angeles concerts Sept. 13-15 (proceeds will be earmarked for families affected by terrorism), offered these thoughts on the attack: "Each and every one of us should look inside our own hearts and examine our own personal acts of terrorism. . . . It's not just bin Laden, it's all of us. We've all contributed to hatred in the world today."

On Manhattan's Upper East Side, Katie Couric helped her daughters Carrie, 5, and Ellie, 10, sell cupcakes to raise money for disaster relief.

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AMERICA'S SPIRIT



NATHAN LANE and MATTHEW BRODERICK sang "God Bless America," by Broadway tunesmith Irving Berlin, on Sept. 13.

Meanwhile Tom Cruise, George Clooney, Tom Hanks, Julia Roberts and other stars planned to participate in a televised fund-raiser set to air Sept. 21. Sarah Ferguson, whose charity Chances for Children had an office on the 101st floor of the north tower of the World Trade Center—no employees were present when the planes hit—set up a relief effort called the Duchess of York's 911 Fund. "You can really see how the American people have rallied round," says Ferguson, who was several miles away wrapping up an appearance on *Good Morning America* when the

"It was to let those people know we were thinking of them" —Jason Sehorn

first plane hit. She sees the fund as a chance to return the support she received from Americans while going through her divorce. "Five years ago I was so lacking in confidence, but they lifted me and they have given me another chance and gave my children their mother back," she says. "I will do anything to help them."

Although New York Giant Jason Sehorn and his teammates unloaded supplies ("It was to let those people know we were thinking of them," Sehorn says), other celebrities, like many ordinary citizens who rushed to the disaster site, were turned away. Billy Baldwin, who in the 1991 film *Backdraft* played a firefighter whose father perished in a blaze, went to Fire Company 40, Ladder 35, to volunteer but was told there was nothing he could do—except one very important thing: console Skylar Marcado, a 7-year-old boy dressed in a mini firefighter's outfit who was waiting to hear news of his firefighter father, Steven. "It is so very sad," said Baldwin, sitting next to his charge. "Look at the little guy." Skylar's dad is still missing. •



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NO SMALL MIRACLE

Whether by good fortune or others' good deeds, Sept. 11 turned out for some to be a day of happy endings

A family sits down together for dinner. A husband says, "I love you" to his wife. A mother cradles her newborn daughter. For those who somehow lived through the horrors of that Tuesday morning, these everyday rituals have taken on new sweetness. Unlikely survivors, facing the world with a heightened sense of their own blessings, they share their stories.

Isabel Burga, 2

Hours after vanishing in a cloud of debris, a girl reunites with her parents

Isabel Burga began her day on Sept. 11 much like millions of other 2-year-olds across the nation: She watched cartoons in the family apartment in Battery Park City's Gateway Plaza. Accustomed to the city noises that reach her 33rd-floor home, she kept watching TV when she heard a loud boom less than half an hour after her parents, Terry Grimmig, 38, a bond saleswoman, and Joseph Burga, 40, a bond trader, headed out for their jobs in midtown Manhattan. Her nanny Janet Thomas, 50, was equally nonplussed. "I thought it was a boat backfiring," she says.

Minutes later, Isabel's father called and told Thomas to turn on the TV. After a second plane hit

"People gave her blankets and diapers," says Terry Grimmig of Isabel (with her father and a cousin in Summit, N.J., last week).



AMERICA'S SPIRIT

the north tower of the World Trade Center two blocks away, Thomas called Burga back to deliver startling news: The building was being evacuated. "I said, 'Get some food. Pack some stuff for Isabel. Go wherever you need to go, and we'll meet you guys,'" says Burga.

Then the world imploded. Thomas and the little girl clutching her hand had just reached the street when the first tower collapsed, sending a multistory wave of debris cascading toward them. As they ran, a firefighter came from behind and scooped up the screaming child. Thomas was steps behind when the cloud hit; when it cleared a minute later, the child and firefighter were gone. "My God, what has happened?" a frightened Thomas thought. Evacuated to New Jersey, she got in touch with Grimmig's sisters Susan, 37, and Lynn Peoples, 33, who live nearby, and began scouring area shelters for Isabel.

Back in Manhattan, Grimmig and Burga were making their way on foot down the West Side Highway—against a thousands-strong tide of New Yorkers fleeing uptown—when they saw the second tower collapse. Says Grimmig: "We both started crying and running."

For several hours they vainly searched Manhattan shelters and hospitals. Out of leads, they returned to Grimmig's office at PaineWebber, where they received a message that Thomas was safe—but Isabel was not with her. Burga recalls, "My wife just screamed, 'Anyone here who knows anyone—my daughter's missing—please call anyone you can call!'" While Grimmig's colleagues contacted police stations and triage centers, "the head of PaineWebber communications e-mailed all his reporter friends," says Burga. "I called the police in Manhattan and with all they had going on, they kept calling me back for more information."

The networking worked. Late that afternoon NBC ran a ticker at the bottom of its newscast that began, "Isabel Burga is safe." Though frantic about many missing friends who worked at the WTC-based firm Cantor Fitzgerald, Susan was elated to pick up her clean, happy niece from a New Jersey shelter at 6 p.m. "I gave her a big hug, and she squished my face. It was so nice."

The couple say their greatest wish would be to contact each person—especially the firefighter—who helped get Isabel to safety. "It doesn't look like there are going to be too many people walking away from this saying thank you," Grimmig says. "So I want to say it: Thank you."



"I will never operate a high-rise elevator again," says Griffith (with son Wayne and grandson Wayne Jr.).

Arturo Griffith, 54, and Carmen Griffith, 45 Bloodied but alive, a husband and wife find each other

He calls her Ma. She calls him Pa. Husband-and-wife elevator operators Arturo and Carmen Griffith have a long history in the World Trade Center. "I've known him since 1980," says Carmen. "He used to flirt with me."

Married in 1995, the Griffiths, who live in The Bronx and have 12 children between them, were both at their jobs in the north tower Sept. 11—Arturo filling in on the freight elevator for a sick coworker, Carmen shuttling people from the 78th floor to the Windows on the World restaurant up on 106.

Then the first plane hit. "The elevator doors closed, and I heard 'Bang! Bang!'" says Carmen. "We were trying to get the door open." With the door just half-open, Carmen managed to squeeze out into a smoke-filled corridor. As she looked back to tell her passengers that it was safe to exit, a plume of fire from the elevator shaft seared her face, hands and legs.



Because of her burns, says Carmen (with cousin Coquette Medina), "my cousins have to kiss my arms."

At the same time, Arturo was knocked unconscious after his elevator plummeted at least five floors to the lobby, coming to in darkness and covered by debris. A voice asked him if he could walk. "I said yes," says Griffith. When he tried to move, however, he quickly realized that his left leg was broken. As coworkers carried him to safety on a board, Arturo looked up in horror. "I saw the side of the building, and there was a big hole," he recalls. "I said, 'I want to know if my wife is okay. I don't want to lose my wife.'"

Up on the 78th floor, Carmen was in the fight of her life. As she rolled on the carpet to extinguish the flames that threatened to engulf her, coworkers rushed to her assistance, pouring water on her burns and then leading her to the stairway. There, a woman she knows only as Audrey volunteered to help her. "I told her my leg is burning, my leg is burning," she says. "She told me to put an arm on her and that she would walk me down." On the stairs, Carmen began to worry about Arturo. "I said, 'My husband was on the freight elevator. What happened to the freight elevator?'" After Audrey

got Carmen as far as the 20th floor, strangers took over and carried her the rest of the way. "All I could think of was, My husband's dead," she says. "They're all dead."

Taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, Arturo underwent surgery to reset his leg. Despite all the sedatives and painkillers pumped into him, he stayed awake all night. "I said, 'God, why? You should have taken me and not her.'" Carmen, in intensive care at the Long Island College Hospital in Queens, asked a hospital employee to find out if her husband had been brought in. When his name did not show up on a list of hospitalized survivors, says Carmen, "I thought my husband was gone."

Sometime on Wednesday, though, Arturo finally got through to his mother-in-law. Carmen, she told him, was badly burned, but she was alive. "I said, 'Thank God,'" says Griffith. "It was like being born again."

On Friday, Arturo and Carmen finally were well enough to talk to each other on the telephone. "Carmen said, 'Pa, I'm okay,'" he reports. "And I said, 'Ma, I'm okay.'"

Get The Nuts Together For A Tailgate!

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Martin Kelly, 55

A father prays for—and rejoices in—his family's deliverance

Nearly every day for 25 years Martin Kelly has left his office in the WTC to attend lunch-hour mass at St. Peter's Catholic church nearby. "I always pray for the safety of our family," he says. On the morning of the attack, looking back at the south tower he had just fled, the manager at Verizon feared no amount of prayer would be enough. Daughter Margaret and her husband, Mike Martin, both 25 and employees of Morgan Stanley, were in the south tower; brother-in-law Sean Clarke, 56, an elevator technician at Stuyvesant High School, was five blocks away; and two nephews, executives Edward and Michael Haran, ages 34 and 40, were in offices in the Trade Center's shadow. "At one point I said, 'God, I can't pray no more right now,'" Kelly says. "Please save Margaret."

Fifty-six floors up, Margaret and colleagues had walked down some 10 floors when a voice on the P.A. assured them that they could safely return to work. Having reached the 16th floor, Mike heard the same call. "And some people went back," he says sadly. He did not. Nor did Margaret. In the end, while Kelly's nephew John Sullivan, 31, a doctor at St. Vincent's Hospital, treated the walking wounded, both good sense and good luck brought the rest of the family to safety. Clarke ended up leading some Israeli tourists out of the danger area. The Harans safely fled their offices. And, amazingly, Mike and Margaret ran into each other on the street. That night, in the couple's house in Brooklyn, the family reunited. Says Kelly: "We were thankful to be alive and together."

"I was never so happy to be home," says Margaret (in Brooklyn with, from left, cousin John, uncle Sean, mother Anna Marie, father Martin and husband Mike).



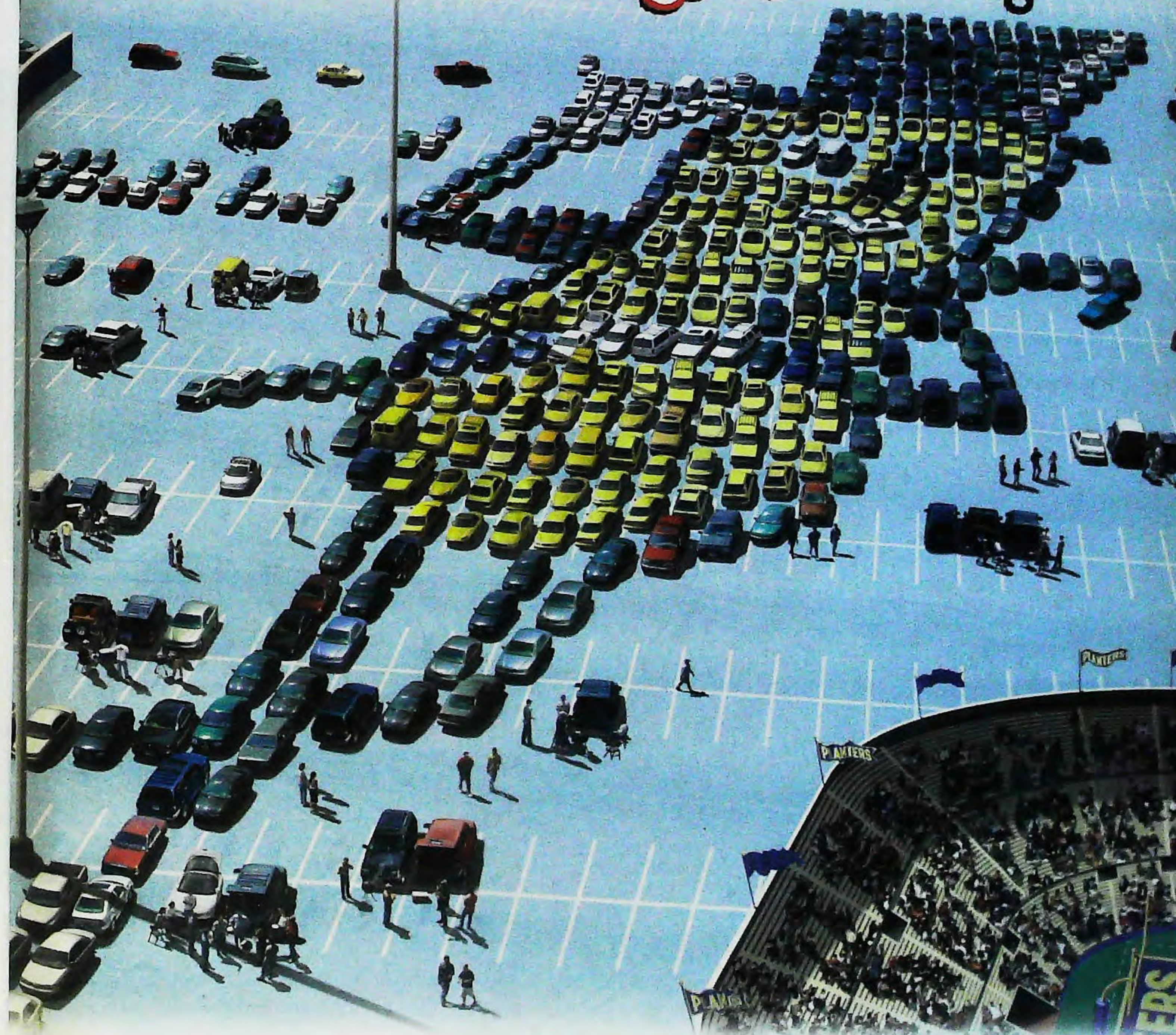
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AMERICA'S SPIRIT

Alessandra Fremura, 37

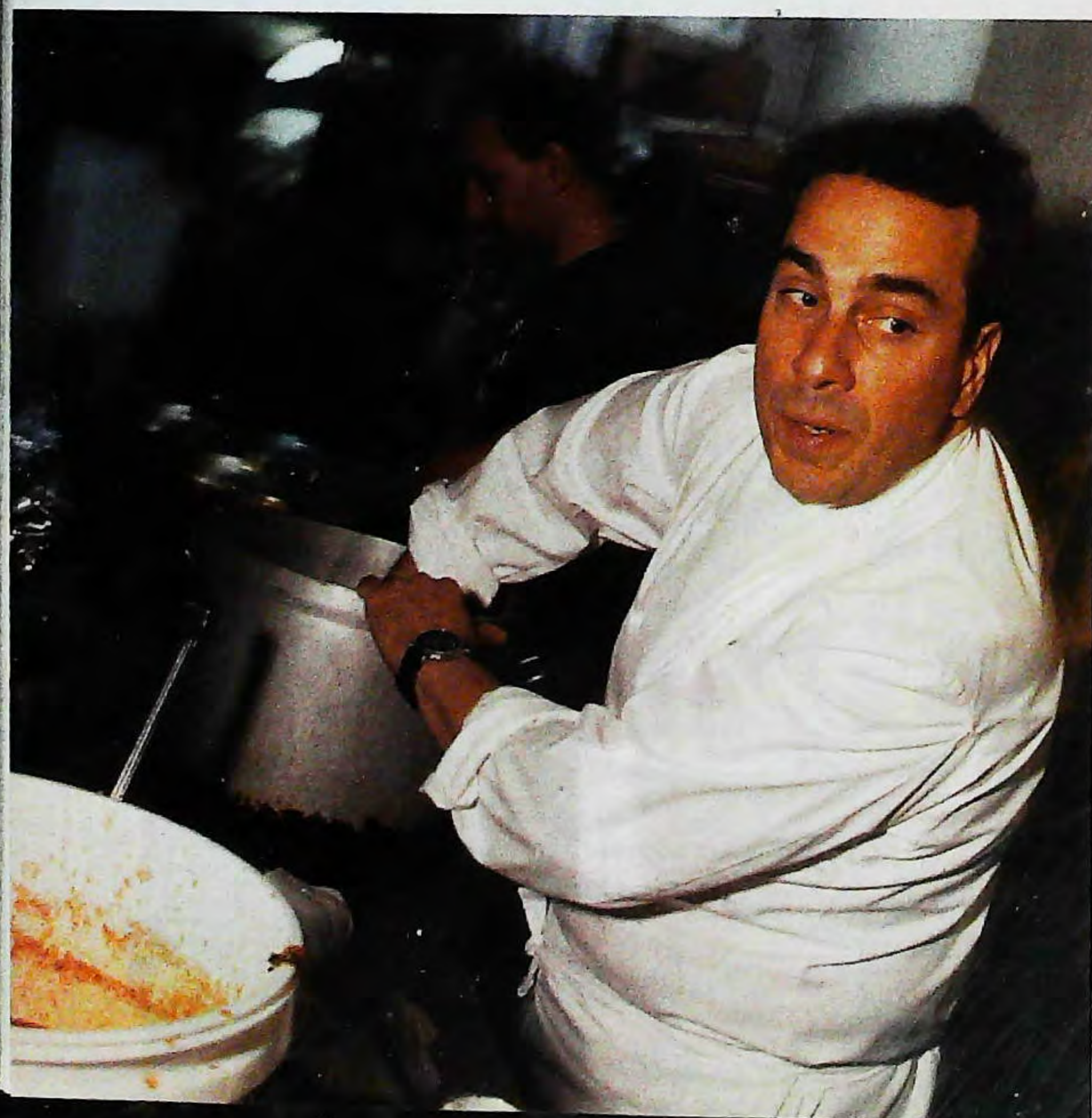
A tardy babysitter keeps her from work

"We work worldwide, so with the time differences, every minute is important," says Alessandra Fremura, CEO of Shipping Services Italia, on the 46th floor of Tower 1, who had planned to leave her apartment on Manhattan's Upper East Side at 8 a.m. But the caregiver for Fremura's 8-month-old son Alex arrived 20 minutes late. "I was upset," says Fremura. "I like to be at work on time." Her subway arrived downtown just after the first plane hit. Fremura saw smoke and immediately backtracked home, where she and her three employees—Carrie Graham, who was trapped in a tower elevator for 20 minutes; Max Bessi, who had just entered the building as it began evacuating; and Roberto Poggiali, who was renewing his identification card at the lobby's reception desk—quickly set up temporary quarters and got back to work. "We are lucky to be alive," Fremura says. "For once, I was very thankful that my babysitter was late."



KIMBERLY BUTLER

"The best thing is to be together and focused on something other than death," says Fremura (at home with Alex). "We should not let fear win."



Michael Lomonaco, 46

A stop at the optometrist's saves his life

"Five minutes more and I would have been in the elevator," says Michael Lomonaco, executive chef of Windows on the World, the restaurant on Floors 106 and 107 of Tower 1, where about 75 of his colleagues were preparing breakfast. Instead Lomonaco stopped off at an optometrist's in the Trade Center's shopping concourse to order reading glasses. During his eye exam Lomonaco heard a muffled rumble, as the first plane slammed into the building, and fled the shop with the optometrist. "I could only think of all my coworkers," says the chef. "I imagined [they] would be saved, and I wanted to be there to help comfort them." But they all remain missing. "There's a deep sadness," says Lomonaco. "It feels bottomless." But he began pitching in by doing what he does best: joining other chefs to prepare meals for the weary rescue workers.

Lomonaco may be the only survivor from Windows on the World restaurant.

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AMERICA'S SPIRIT

Louis Lesce, 64

Escaping the 86th floor, he takes a long and winding road home

For three hours after the first plane hit, Louis Lesce found himself on an obstacle course starting at the 86th floor of Tower 1—veering from near-death to near-salvation and back several times over—until he reached safety.

A career-transition specialist, Lesce, who lives in Queens, was preparing to teach a 9 a.m. class when he felt the building shake. The ceiling caved in; thick smoke followed. He called his wife, Karen. "I thought this was it," he says. "I told her I loved her and said goodbye. I hung up real quick because I didn't want her to get emotional. I thought it might make me lose my resolve somehow."

The call seemed too unreal to believe—and at first she didn't. "I thought he was joking," says Karen, 58, an administrative sales assistant for an office-supply company. Televised images quickly changed her mind. She frantically tried to call her husband back, but he was already headed for the stairwell. Strangers aided Lesce—who has had a quadruple bypass—down the 86 flights. An hour later, when he reached the mall beneath the World Trade Center, Tower 2 collapsed. In the darkness, someone grabbed him and led him through the rubble. "All of a sudden," he says, "I was outside."

Lesce found a pay phone and called Karen to tell her he was heading to her office in midtown. As he hung up, Tower 1 was crumbling. Once again, he ran. Finding refuge in a cell-phone store, he called his wife again, telling her that he was going to the hospital.

Around 11:30 Lesce finally reached Beth Israel Medical Center. Remarkably, his only injury was a scratched cornea. For the fourth time, he called Karen—to tell her that this time he really was, inarguably, safe.



"Miracles do happen," says Karen Lesce (with Louis and his grandson Phillip Kotoff).

RACHIL COBB

Sheila Moody, 42, accountant

Brand new on the job, she counts her blessings

It was only her second day of work as a civilian accountant at the Pentagon, and Sheila Moody had brought two items to personalize her cubicle: a Bible and a Palm Pilot. "I was really excited" about the job, she recalls. Then, suddenly, "I heard a whistle and then a rumble and a big whoosh," says Moody, a native of Severn, Md. "The building was vibrating and shaking. And then the fireball came through. I realized I was engulfed in flames. And then just as quickly as the flames came, they went out."

"I thought, 'I'm not going to see my kids anymore,'" says Moody, the married mother of three, who managed to stay in contact with a co-worker. "I'm not going to be a grandmother." She started to pray. "It was God who kept me calm. I told Him, 'I can't believe you brought me here to die.' And he didn't." Within seconds, a man's voice cut through the blackness. Choking on fumes and unable to call back, Moody clapped her hands. "I clapped as

loud as I could and hoped he could hear the sound and follow it to where we were. Then I heard the fire extinguisher. He grabbed my arm and led me outside."

Emerging from the flames, Moody lay down on the cool grass. "I remember thinking, 'God, I'm alive. Jesus, you saved me,'" she says. After 15 minutes, "I looked back at the building and was just amazed that I was able to get out of there."

Later, as she waited to be treated, a stranger approached and asked if she was okay. "I said, 'yeah,' and he said, 'Well, I'm the one who got you out of there.' My eyeglasses were dirty and I was coughing, so I still couldn't get a good look at him. I just remember thanking him."

Now recovering from second- and third-degree burns on her hands and other burns on her face, arms and back, Moody has yet to learn the identity of her savior. But she is eternally grateful for what he did. Other victims, she notes, "won't get a chance to hug their families and tell them that they love each other. I was blessed to have another day to see my husband and children."

Moody's husband, Vincent, dresses her burns at a Virginia hospital.



TYRONE TURNER/BLACK STAR



Jun Lee, 37

After a brave escape, she delivered new life in the face of death

As the sky began to rain down glass and concrete, Jun Lee, 10 days past her Sept. 1 due date, was looking for a way out of the concourse beneath the World Trade Center. "I didn't worry that I would go into labor," says Lee, a United Nations lawyer. "I just thought, 'I'm nine months pregnant, I'm going to die.'"

Taking to the street in her flip-flops ("the only things that fit my swollen feet"), Lee fled as quickly as she could. "People were crying, screaming," she recalls. "Cars were going against the light." She soon tired and needed to rest, but she knew she had to keep moving. "There was no place to stop."

About 10 blocks away at the South Street Seaport, Lee found shelter at a Best Western hotel. There she was joined at about 4 p.m. by her husband, Thomas Letsou, 41, whom she had contacted by cell phone at his midtown law office. The couple booked a room at the hotel, but by early evening it had neither electricity nor phone service. As Letsou tried to doze, Lee began to feel cramps. At midnight she poked her husband awake. "I'm having serious contractions," she told him. "This is it." Says Letsou: "I was very scared of a delivery in the dark with no doctor."

So through the blacked-out nightmare streets of lower Manhattan, the two began a gritty two-mile, smoke-filled trek to Beth Israel Hospital, where the delivery had been scheduled. Lee's pain increased with her contractions, but, Letsou says, "she just hung in there."

After 90 minutes they made it to the hospital. Eight hours later, at 1:05 p.m. on Sept. 12, Lee gave birth to 7-lb. 1-oz. Elizabeth Letsou. "She waited so long," says Lee, "and then came into this world at the worst possible time." And the best. Says Lee: "I never thought I'd be so happy to see this baby." •

MICHAEL CARROLL

"I have mixed feelings about the world she's coming into," says Lee (with Elizabeth).

HOW CAN I HELP?

In the aftermath of our national tragedy, this is the question on all of our minds. The Sears family shares in our nation's deep sorrow and grave concern. As a national sponsor of the American Red Cross, we are committed to assisting affected families, volunteers and rescue workers.

You can make a monetary donation to the American Red Cross at any Sears store throughout the nation from now until October 11. You can also donate via www.sears.com or go directly to the American Red Cross web site: www.redcross.org, or call 1-800-HELP NOW. In addition to the \$1 million Sears has donated, Sears associates and customers have already donated over \$1 million in immediate support of relief efforts.

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